THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1805.

CONTAINING

Mrs. Thornton, Portrait of···· *Page* 171
Pugilism, or breach of the Peace·· 171
Cockney Fox-hunt·············· 172
Falconer's Hall················ 172
The Royal Chase··············· 174
Mr. Adams's Harriers··········· 176
Mr. Drake's Harriers··········· 176
Coursing Meetings, 1804········ 177
The late Joseph Capper, Esq. ···· 179
Ramble from Salisbury through Old Sarum····················· 181
Shepherd's Story continued ···· 181
Land Compass ··············· 181
Sonnet from Shakespear······· 182
Stonehenge·················· 182
Amesbury··················· 184
Old Sarum··················· 185
The Evening Star············ 187
American Puffing··············· 187
Astonishing Engagement with a Bear 188
Law.—A Dog Cause············· 189
Fortune telling··············· 189
Harlequin Quicksilver··········· 190
Harlequinade·················· 192
Miseries of a retired Life········ 193
A Cure for the Tooth-ach········ 195
Playhouse Squeeze············· 196
Duelling···················· 199
Eccentricities of Morland the Painter 201
Egyptian Furniture············· 202
Humours of a Twelfth-night······ 203
The Snipe··················· 204
Christmas Epistles············· 205
Boxing,—O'Donnell and Arnott··· 206
Maddox and Cribb··········· 207
Cavallin and Burkitt·········· 208
Lairde Rowlande or Ronalde····· 209
The School of Reform··········· 210
Family of Rosciuses!··········· 211
Character of a professed Gamester· 212
Prospero beating A. B. and Sir Charles 213
Thornhill's Shooting Directory···· 214
Regimental pack of Hounds····· 217
Canterbury Races·············· 221
Unfortunate Skaiters··········· 222
Crim. Con.—Chambers *v.* Caulfield 222
Qualification to kill Game········ 223
Cocking····················· 223
Feast of Wit·················· 224
Sporting Intelligence··········· 226

POETRY.

Epilogue to the Blind Bargain···· 229
The Fox-hunt················· 229
What shall I write about?······· 230
To Strephon ················ 530
To Nosina··················· 231
The Roach·················· 231
Trans. of Goldsmith's Greek Epitaph 231
The Devil's thoughts·········· 232
New parody on Shakespear······ 232

Embellished with, I. Sporting Portrait of Mrs. Thornton—A beautiful Engraving.—— II. Prospero beating A. B. and Sir Charles—An Engraving from a Drawing by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

One of A. B.'s Letters on the Descent of the Muses, in our next.

A country correspondent who frequently obliges us to correct his bad spelling, should not complain if we sometimes alter his mode of composition in other respects.

We shall always be glad to hear from a Classical correspondent upon Sporting, &c. as long as he confines himself within the bounds of truth and probability.

Several poetical favours in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Mackenzie sc.

M.rs Thornton.

Pub Feb 1, 1805, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1805.

SPORTING PORTRAIT OF MRS. THORNTON.

A beautiful Engraving.

THE proprietors feel much pleasure in being able to present their friends with a highly finished portrait of the above mentioned lady, so justly distinguished for her skill in horsemanship. The dress, in imitation of a tyger's skin, is correctly copied from that worn on the late memorable race, which took place on Knavesmire, at the last York August meeting. On which occasion, a very rare instance of female courage was displayed to an astonished multitude, consisting of little less than 30,000 people, among whom were the first characters on the turf.

PUGILISM, OR BREACH OF THE PEACE.

AT the Surry Sessions, January 22, Thomas Owen was indicted for a riot and conspiracy, in aiding and abetting Bourke and Pearce, bruisers of notoriety, to fight a pitched battle on Putney Common, in January last.

Mr. Morris, in stating the case against the defendant, remarked, that the principal object of this indictment was to convince the public of their misconception in believing that boxing contests were legal. Law and humanity, he observed, forbid them, and the feeling mind naturally revolted at the conduct of those, who for the sake of betting, became the instruments of the cruelty and fatal consequences which too frequently occurred between the combatants. The parties, who fought from a false notion of honour, might have an excuse, but what apology the seconds could make upon such occasions, he was at a loss to determine. The learned counsel then related the offence on the part of the defendant, which was disclosed in the following evidence.

Richard Lovett, a constable, belonging to the Public Office, Malborough-street, stated, that in consequence of an information, he was sent by Mr. Conant, the magistrate, to disperse a great number of persons, who had assembled on Putney Common, at a fight. When witness arrived on the common, he saw Bourke, Pearce, Gibbon, the defendant Owen, Baldwin, and upwards

of

of 1500 people. The defendant was second to Bourke, and Gibbon was second to Pearce. The fight had began, when witness broke into the ring with Jackson, another officer, and told the defendant and others loudly, that he was an officer, sent by the magistrates at Marlborough-street, to desire them to disperse, and go to their homes, or they would be prosecuted; the fight continued notwithstanding such injuction, and lasted an hour, when Bourke was dreadfully bruised and carried off the field. Jackson, the police officer, corrobated the testimony of the last witness.

Mr. Lawes, on the part of the defendant, contended that his client was entitled to acquittal, and no more guilty of a conspiracy than the noblemen and others who remained after the police officer had warned them to depart. If Cicero the orator, or a herald with a trumpet, had endeavoured, at the commencement of the fight, to persuade the spectators to retire, he observed their efforts would have proved unavailing—the contest had begun, and during the confusion the defendant and others could not hear what the police officer imparted. Upon a clear view of the defendant's conduct, he trusted the jury would not entertain a belief of his guilt; but, from the circumstance of his having served his Majesty in the impress service for a number of years with the greatest respectability, they would, by their verdict, release him from the degrading situation in which he then stood.

After some deliberation the jury found the defendant guilty—and the chairman, after a suitable address, sentenced him to be imprisoned three months.

Gibbon, second to Pearce, was tried for the same offence, at Kingston, last assizes, and imprisoned one month.

COCKNEY FOX-HUNT.

ON Saturday, Jan. 26, the singular appearance of a fox, in the fields behind the Foundling Hospital, afforded admirable diversion to a numerous body of cockney sportsmen. The unfortunate animal, which had been kept from a cub, in a domestic state, by a gentleman at Hampstead, unlukily forsook his protector, and ran towards town, where he was no sooner discovered than beset by butcher's dogs, and the whole class of curs in the vicinity; he was consequently compelled to avoid impending destruction, and accordingly entered several streets and windings in the above neighbourhood, followed by persons on horseback, with a multitude of pedestrians of all descriptions, whose clamours conveyed sensations of danger among the inhabitants, many believing the town in a state of insurrection, until they beheld the object of pursuit, which, after being severely whipped by coachmen, and otherwise cruelly treated, sought refuge in the area of a gentleman's house in Tavistock-square, where he was humanely rescued from the fury of his unqualified enemies, in order to be restored to his owner. The fox had a black collar on.

FALCONER'S HALL.

ON Friday, the 30th of November, Lord Middleton, and a number of sporting gentlemen, arrived at eleven—the morning being uncommonly fine. At twelve, the deer pen was opened, from whence instantly bounded a beautiful hart; after twenty minutes law, the famous old hound Consul and some other stag-hounds were laid on, and the smaller hounds (termed beagles)

beagles) close at their heels. The deer took them over Boythorpe Sheep Walk, Foxhole's Field, and turned for the Grange, where the pack gaining upon him at every stroke, soon run up to a view, and so continued till he had recrossed the Sheep Walk, affording a noble and emulative burst who should first head and stop the hounds; this not being so easily accomplished, they continued to press him close to his haunches through Mr Pricket's plantations, till he took shelter and stood at bay behind some corn-stacks near Langtoft. The first and soonest at hand to preserve him from the ferocious attack of the hounds, was the colonel—equal in the *field, love,* and *war*—who came up upon his favourite Esterhazy, nearly exhausted, as the horses of his servants had been long before.

With the colonel's assistance, the deer was extricated from his perilous situation, and springing over some very high and almost incredible fences, broke view, and continuing his career about a mile farther, the hounds were then headed and properly stopt. In a few minutes, Lord M. and the major part of the company got up, *pretty well blown*; and Mrs. Thornton, who had been compelled to change her horse, seemed exceedingly mortified at having been thrown out; and rode the own sister to Hermione during the remainder of the chase.

Twenty minutes law were then again given the deer, when the hounds were laid on, and ran breast high to a sheet of water, to where their game had *taken soil.* From thence, the beagles exultingly enjoyed the scent, and carried it on most admirably to Coulum Rabbit-warren, where the infinity of rabbits for some time retarded the chase; they were, however, speedily lifted, and made a cast round the warren, and in a short time hit the part off, going at a good rate towards Driffield; where, after turning to the inclosures, he continued his course to Ganton, where he was run up to and taken unhurt, after a most excellent chase of three hours and forty-seven minutes, a circumstance never before seen in that part of the country. Lord Middleton changed horses three times; the Honourable J. Proby, four times; and Mrs. Thornton, twice.

ON Thursday, Dec. 6, Sir M. M. Sykes's hounds threw off at Mowthorpe Dale, and unkennelled a brace of foxes at the same instant of time; the hounds of course divided, and the morning being foggy, it was some time before the huntsman could get them together again; which, when he did, the weather being much improved, he drew through Lord Morpeth's plantation; but not finding there, he went on to Caliswood, where the hounds luckily caught drag and carried it handsomely up to their fox, who instantly broke covert in general view, and went away boldly over Coneysthorpe moors, skirting the banks forward to Easthorpe park, through Mr. Royd's plantations, for Sir George Strictland's woods at Hildenley, where making a short turn, and checking the wind, went over the low grounds, leaving Bog Hall to the left, and up to Lord Fitzwilliam's woods; then crossed Coneysthorpe banks, from whence he most boldly faced the heights with the wind full in his teeth into Rydale, and run over the manors of Barton, Appleby, and Amotherby; turned at Swinton, and made for the Woodlands again, leaving Mr. Hebdon's high farm house to the left, thro' his spring wood to Coneysthorpe, Ox Close Whin, through Head Hagg, into

into Castle Howard park, across the Mill hill to the Ray Wood, which displayed a most enchanting scene; the hounds carrying so complete a head, they might have been covered with a sheet: after breaking Ray Wood, he took along the terrace in the south front of the Castle to the evergreens, where he was accidentally headed, but broke away again most gallantly at the north side of the castle, leaving the large lake to the right, passing the avenues, the park keeper's lodge, and over the lawn to the noted covert, the stone quarry, which he darted through like an arrow, and left the park for Shaw Wood, down Bell Bottom, over the Sheep Walks to Slingsby Banks; then sinking the wind, crossed Sir Thomas Slingsby's manor, by Baxter Howe, up to Hollyhill, when the termination of a long day so rapidly approached, it was thought prudent to withdraw, and the hounds were halloo'd off after three hours as hard and fervent running as ever was seen or known in any part of the kingdom. It has been some time suggested that fox hunting had been greatly upon the decline in the Castle Howard country, but now it seems returning to its former degree of perfection, from the great number of neighbouring gentlemen who meet with the greatest cheerfulness, mirth, and unanimity; in fact it is not possible to be otherwise, as the worthy possessor of the pack meets every individual with equal urbanity, and personally endeavours to dissemminate the most general and unsullied gratifications. The hounds, under the management of Carter, continue daily to improve, and of course to increase in celebrity, the country is full of foxes, and its inhabitants, replete with good humour and brotherly affection, so that the least doubt of a famous season need not be entertained.

THE ROYAL CHASE,

WE are sorry to say, has as yet afforded, this season, no chases of length or singularity to excite particular attention in the recital; but we much more regret that, barren as they have been, they should be so wretchedly misrepresented to the public in the diurnal prints; being evidently transmitted from the pen of some illiterate subordinate in the retinue, who is a total stranger to the country he rides in, the names of the parishes he passes through, and the names of the owners frequently in the field themselves, whose noble mansions they have so repeatedly in view. Instances innumerable might be adduced, but few shall suffice. That we are constantly told the "stag goes off with great swiftness" can be considered no great novelty, because it is naturally to be conceived they have so done for five centuries past, and most likely will for the five to come.

We have Sir J. Maltby's for Sir Joseph Mawbey's, and Batley for Botley's; also Waireld for Warfield, and Workington for Oakingham. They remove the residence of poor Sir William Abdy, Bart. without his consent, to Cobham near Byfleet, although it is universally known to be the manor house of Chobham, near Bagshot, in the middle of Windsor Forest; and yet this is eternally Cobham in the printed accounts of the chase, and is a palpable imposition upon every reader's understanding. As it is our province to point out faults, so it is our duty to amend them; it may therefore be expected that whatever is reported in the Sporting Magazine, under this head, will always lay claim to the stamp of authenticity.

ON

ON Saturday, the 1st. ult. at about half past ten, his Majesty, accompanied by the duke of Cambridge with the usual retinue, arrived at the obelisk near Swinley Lodge, in Windsor Forest, where the Earl of Sandwich—as master of the stag hounds—surrounded by nearly two hundred horsemen, were waiting his Majesty's approach. On the arrival of his Majesty, during the ceremony of changing his hack for his hunter, and passing the usual condescending compliments of the morning to his neighbouring friends, the hounds and horns continued their congratulations in perfect unison. At the termination of this most enchanting and entertaining prelude, a signal was given by the master of the hounds, and a remarkable fine deer was instantly liberated in full view of the company; who being already impatiently elate, were equally eager with their canine associates to enter upon the chase. At first going off, his speed and majestic deportment, seemed to promise a persevering courage, indicating a long day; but when he had made a display of his deceptive powers, for about three miles, he suddenly threw up—halted—turned—and confidently faced his pursuers, coming in miriads fast upon him. When, finding the hounds nearly at his haunches, he became, as it were, instantly panic-struck; his false confidence forsook him, and he went away with renovated fervour and speed over the open country, gaining a temporary, but short-lived victory with seeming ease; passing the spot of his nativity, and missing the herd, he topped the eight feet paling of Swinley Paddocks, and took refuge in the furze, from whence he was almost immediately roused by the irresistible instinct of the leading hounds, who, seeming absolutely increased in their exasperation, lay pretty close at him through the village of Bracknall, over a part of Priestwood Common, through the inclosures of Binfield, and he was at length run up to and pulled down, in endeavouring to leap a ditch of some magnitude, after a tolerable run of an hour and a half; at the termination of which, his Majesty and the Duke were up in good time. Some of the forwardest hounds had the deer down, and were operating most powerfully upon him in the ditch; but, by the very laudable and persevering efforts of the huntsman and yeomen prickers, his life was preserved.

ON Tuesday, the 11th, his Majesty and usual attendants arrived at the place appointed for meeting soon after eleven o'clock; when the stag was almost immediately turned out, and the hounds laid on without any farther delay. Going off most gaily, he made his first point for the King's dog-kennel; this passing, he doubled by the wood side, boldly topped the forest fences through the inclosure to Winkfield Plain, over which he crossed, and pointed for St. Leonard's Hill, where, being headed by wood cutters, he recrossed the plain, leaving Cranbourne Lodge on the left, and through the inclosures surrounding Mr. Crutchley's Park, to Sunning Hill, where he was taken unhurt after an excellent run of two hours, during the whole of which he gave evident proofs of great speed and adequate power, though he declined leaving his country. After this chase, the fluctuating state of the weather, in the first instance, and its intense severity in the next, having put a temporary stop to the sports of the field, we can only hope that a favourable change will afford opportunity of renewing our reports in proportion to the advances of the better season.

MR. ADAMS'S

MR. ADAMS'S HARRIERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

IF you think the following chase worthy a place in your useful and entertaining Magazine, by inserting it you'll oblige an

Old Sportsman.

ON Tuesday, the 20th of November, the harriers belonging to William Adams, Esq. of Ludlow, drew Seifton Furze Cover, and in less than three minutes unkennened a fox; went away close to his brush, over the inclosures to the Edgewood, which cover he pursued nearly to the end, upon quitting, crossed over by the Cuckoo's Nest, through the Sally Coppy, and into Child's Wood; from there to the top of Munslow's Common, where he was headed, turned short down the hill through a furze cover at the bottom; from there over the inclosures to Haseldine Cover, which he went through direct, over the inclosures to Delbury Common, through Corfton Back Furze, turned short to the right over the inclosures to Seifton Back Furze; from there over Westop's Hill to the cover he was unkennelled from, through the same to the Grove Wood, from there through a chain of covers to the village of Halford, crossed the river Ony a little higher up, over the turnpike road leading to Shrewsbury, and across the inclosures nearly to Sibdon Castle, turned short to the right over the road leading to Bishop's Castle, through several small coppices, and again crossed the turnpike road, when the hounds nearly ran into him: making another great effort, he broke away from the pack, running through several inclosures, and last of all over an open common, when the hounds got a view, ran into, and killed at the village of Edgeton. The chace lasted two hours and fifty five minutes without a check. The distances allowed by the sportsmen present, was forty miles.

MR. DRAKE'S HARRIERS.

NOTHING can exceed the sport which this well bred pack of harriers has afforded this season. The hunts have been respectably attended, and the amateurs of the chase have been highly gratified with their diversions.

These staunch hounds throw off every Monday morning that the weather will permit, on Crimp in Moorwinstow, Cornwall.

ON Monday, the 10th of December, a numerous party attended the hunt, and a number of dashing steeds were bounding over the turf, when, all of a sudden, the attention of the hunters was attracted by a very unexpected sight. A respectable farmer of the neighbourhood—Mr. Cottle—having seen the hounds near his estate, caught a farm horse, which had been turned out in the morning to graze, mounted him without bridle or saddle, rode him during the chase of one hare, and took every leap to the astonishment and admiration of the spectators, who highly applauded his bold, enterprising, and spirited conduct.

The Editors of the Sporting Magazine are requested to insert the foregoing, as an article of intelligence, in their next number, and they will oblige a number of their constant readers.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS.

1804.

SWAFFHAM.

MONDAY, *November 12.—First Igborough Field.*

MR Gelwey's Heroine against Mr Brereton's Snake, 1g; uncided.—Mr Brereton's (Mr Bolton's) Nimble against Mr. Moseley's Bellissima, 1g; Bellissima won.——Mr Gelweys Heroine against Mr Brereton's Snake, 1g; undecided.

TUESDAY.—*First Westacre Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Tharp's Gipsey.—Mr Brereton's Serpent beat Mr Moseley's Bragela.—Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Davenport's Rustic.—Mr F. Hammond's Whirligig beat Sir John Sebright's Philipina.

Matches the same day (Tuesday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Hamond's Walnut, 1g; Philipina paid forfeit.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g; Waxy won.—Mr F. Hamond's Phænomenon against Mr Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye, undecided.—Mr F. Hamond's Wafer against Mr Moseley's Bug, 1g and 2 bye; Bug won. Mr F. Hamond's Whisper beat Mr Moseley's Brilliant, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr F. Hamond's Waxy against Mr Tyssen's Turnpike, 1g; off.

WEDNESDAY.—*Smee Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr Hamond's Whirligig beat Mr Tyssen's Truth; and Mr Lovelace's Maiden beat Mr Brereton's Serpent.

Matches the same Day (Wednesday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca against Mr Lovelace's Miss, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Lovelace's Maria against Mr James's Yarico, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Mr Dover's Daphne beat Col. Otley's Ontario, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Davenport's Rustic beat Mr Tharp's Gagello, 1g and 4 bye.—Mr Davenport's Rustic against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g and 1 bye; off.

THURSDAY.—*Clay Field.*

THE CUP.

Mr F. Hamond's Whirligig against Mr Lovelace's Maiden; Maiden won the cup.

Clay Field Match (Thursday) after the Cup.

Sir J. Sebright's Philipina beat Mr F. Hamond's Walnut, 1g.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Wafer; 1g undecided.—Mr Tharp's Gobble against Mr F. Hamond's Whisper, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir John Sebright's Phænomenon against Mr Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Davenport's Ruffin beat Mr Tharp's Gipsey, 1g.—Sir W. Clayton's Una against Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g and 1 bye; Bellissima won. —Sir W. Clayton's Useful against Mr Dover's Daphne, 1g; undecided.

FRIDAY.—*Second Westacre Field.*

Mr Hamond's Queen against Mr F. Hamond's Windmill, 1g; undecided.—Mr Tharp's Gagable beat Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g and 2 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Col. Otley's O'Leary, 1g; O'Leary won.—Sir W. Clayton's Ulysses against Mr F. Hamond's Waxy, 1g; Waxy won.—Mr Brereton's

Brereton's Swift against Mr Tyssen's Theodore, 1g; undecided.—Mr Lovelace's Miss against Mr Tyssen's Truth, 1g and 1 bye; Truth won.—Mr Tharp's Gobble against Mr F. Hamond's Whisper, 1g and 2 bye; Whisper won.—Sir J. Sebright's Polite Contesse against Mr F. Hamond's Wafer, 1g and 1 bye; Wafer won.—Mr Moseley's Bug beat Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g and 4 bye; and Mr Tyssen's Trip beat Major Wilson's Anna, 1g.

SATURDAY.—*Second Igborough Field.*

Mr Mellish's Luna (late Brilliant) beat Mr Tyssen's Thunder, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Moseley's Bellissima against Mr Davenport's Ruby, 1g; Ruby won.—Mr Tyssen's Trip beat Mr Wilson's Anna, 1g.

THETFORD.

Commenced December 10.

MONDAY.—*Harling Field.*

SIR J. Sebright's Pretty Charlotte against Mr Bevan's Fly, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon against Col. Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Bevan's Fop against Mr Galwey's Hero, 1g and 2 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Hamond's Waxy, 1g; undecided.—Col. Lovelace's puppy beat Sir J. Sebright's puppy, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Truth beat Mr Ayton's Nimble, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Heroine against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g; undecided.——Mr Tyssen's Thunder beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Roderick, 1g.—Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon beat Col. Lovelace's Major, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Galwey's Prince against Mr Capper's Eagle, 1g and 4 bye; Prince received forfeit.—Sir J. Sebright's Philipina against Mr Moseley's Butterfly, 1g and 4 bye; Philipina received forfeit.—Mr Moseley's Brazen Mask against Sir J. Sebright's Pretty Charlotte, 1g and 4 bye.—Off.

TUESDAY.—*Tofts Field.*

Mr Page's Dart against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rarity, 1g; undecided.——Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rosemary beat Mr Page's Fly, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr Hamond's Weathercock, 1g; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Smoker against Mr Page's Kosciusko, 1g; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Thunderer against Mr Tyssen's Trip, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Driver beat Mr Tharp's Gagello, 1g.—Mr Tyssen's Thunder against Mr Hamond's Weathercock, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr Redhead's Thunderer; undecided.—Mr Page's Driver beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's Rarity, 1g.—Mr Page's Dart beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rosemary, 1g.

WEDNESDAY.—*Weeting Field.*

Mr Hamond's Waxy beat Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g.—Mr Moseley's Bragela beat Mr Hamond's Whirligig, 1g.—Mr Bevan's Fop beat Mr Galwey's Hero, 1g and 19 bye, (and 10g on the speed, which was given to Hero.)—Mr Hamond's (Mr Bolton's) Wasp beat Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g.—Mr Page's Smoker against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Roderick, 1g. undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca against Mr Tyssen's Tug, 1g; Tug received forfeit.—Mr Galwey's Hector beat Mr Page's Smoker, 1g.

THURSDAY.—*Elden Field.*

Mr Hamond's Weathercock beat Sir J. Sebright's Phænomenon, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Hamond's Waxy beat Mr Ayton's Nutmeg, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Page's Kosciusko against Mr Capper's (Mr James's) Rarity, 1g; undecided.—Mr Page's Dart beat Mr Capper's (Mr James's Rosemary, 1g.—Mr Hamond's Whirligig against Sir J. Sebright's Philipina, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Mr Redhead's Smoker beat Mr Hamond's Wonderful, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Hamond's (Mr Bolton's) Wasp against Mr Redhead's Thunderer, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—Sir J. Sebright's Pollacca beat Mr Page's Driver, 1g and 1 bye.—Mr Tyssen's Trip against Mr Moseley's Bellissima, 1g and 1 bye; undecided.—There was a sweepstakes of nine greyhounds, first turn, but could not be run on account of the night.

THE LATE

JOSEPH CAPPER, ESQ.

An Eccentric Character.

HE was many years an inmate at the Horns, Kennington. He was born in Cheshire, of humble parents; his father's family being numerous, he came to London at an early age, as he used to say, to shift for himself, and was bound apprentice to a grocer. Mr. C. soon manifested great quickness and industry, and proved a most valuable servant to his master. It was one of the chief boasts of his life that he had gained the confidence of his employer and never betrayed it. Being of an enterprising spirit, Mr. Capper commenced business as soon as he was out of his apprenticeship, in the neighbourhood of Rosemary-lane. His old master was his only friend, and recommended him so strongly to the dealers in that line, that credit to a very large amount, in those days, was given him. In proportion as he became successful, he embarked in various speculations, but in none was so fortunate, as in the funds. He at length amassed a sum sufficient to enable him to decline all business. Mr. C. having now lost his old master, was resolved to lead a sedentary life. This best suited his disposition; for, although he possessed many amiable qualities, yet he was the most tyrannical and overbearing man living, and never seemed so happy as when placed by the side of a churlish companion. For several days he walked about the vicinity of London, searching for lodgings, without being able to please himself. Being one day much fatigued, he called at the Horns, at Kennington, took a chop, spent the day, and asked for a bed in his usual blunt manner; when he was answered in the same churlish style by the landlord, that he could not have one. Mr. C. was resolved to stop, if he could, all his life, to plague the growling fellow, and refused to retire. After some altercation, however, he was accommodated with a bed, and never slept out of it for twenty-five years.—During that time he made no agreement for lodging and eating, but wished to be considered only a customer for the day. For many years he talked about quitting his residence the next day. His manner of living was so methodical, that he would not drink his tea out of any other than a certain favourite cup. He was equally particular with respect to his knives, forks, plates, &c. In winter and summer he rose at the same hour, and when the mornings were dark, he was so accustomed to the house, that he walked about the apart-

ments

ments without the assistance of any light. At breakfast he arranged, in a peculiar way, the paraphernalia of the tea table, but first of all he would read the newspapers. At dinner he also observed a general rule, and invariably drank his pint of wine. His supper was uniformly a gill of rum, with sugar, lemon peel and porter mixed together, the latter he saved from the pint he had at dinner. From this economical plan he never deviated. His bill for a fortnight amounted regularly to L.4 : 18. He called himself the champion of government, and his greatest glory was certainly his country and king. He joined in all subscriptions which tended to the aid of government. He was extremely choleric, and nothing raised his anger so soon as the declaiming against the British constitution. In the parlour he kept his favourite chair and there he would often amuse himself with satirizing the customers, or the landlord, if he could make his jokes tell better. It was his maxim, never to join in general conversation, but to interrupt it whenever he could say any thing ill natured. Mr. C's conduct to his relations was exceedingly capricious, he never would see any of them. As they were chiefly in indigent circumstances, he had frequent applications from them to borrow money. "Are they industrious?" he would inquire, when being answered in the affirmative, he would add, "tell them I have been deceived already, and never will advance a sixpence by way of loan, but I will give them the sum they want, and if ever I hear that they make known the circumstance, I will cut them off with a shilling." Soon after Mr. Townsend became landlord of the Horns, he had an opportunity of making a few good ready money purchases, and applied to the old man for a temporary loan—"I wish," said he, "to serve you, Townsend, you seem an industrious fellow; but how is it to be done Mr. Townsend? I have sworn never to lend, I must, therefore, give it thee;" which he accordingly did.

Mr. Townsend proved grateful for this mark of liberality, and never ceased to administer him every comfort the house would afford; and what was, perhaps, more gratifying to the old man, he indulged him in his eccentricities. Mr. C. was elected steward of the parlour fire, and if any persons were daring enough to put a poker in the fire, without his permission, they stood a fair chance of feeling the weight of his cane. In the summer time a favourite diversion of his was killing flies in the parlour with his cane, but, as he was sensible of the ill opinion this would produce among the by-standers, he would with great ingenuity introduce a story about the rascality of all Frenchmen, "whom," says he, "I hate and detest and would knock down just the same as these flies." This was the signal for attack, and presently the killed and wounded were scattered about the room.

This eccentric man enjoyed an excellent state of health until a few days before his death, which happened on the 9th of September last, at the advanced age of [illegible] years. After his dissolution, his desk, trunks, &c. being opened, was found L.100 in bank notes, a few guineas, a great many Government securities, and a will, which was curiously worded, and made on the back of a sheet of banker's checks, in which the bulk of his fortune, upwards of L.30,000, he left to be equally divided among his poor relations. His two nephews were nominated executors, and he bequeathed between them 8000l. in the 3 per cents.

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE

FROM

Salisbury over part of the Plain, and back again through Old Sarum.

Fisherton—Salisbury Plain—The Shepherd's Story—Retreat of the Swallows—Shepherd's Story continued—A Land Compass—Sonnet from Shakespear—Stonehenge—Amesbury—Old Sarum—The Evening Star, &c.

THE SHEPHERD's STORY CONTINUED.

"THE fleet being out of sight, I thought I might venture from my hiding-place; so leaving the doctor's stone bottle to pay the farmer for my lodging, I took the great west road, and, for fear of another press-gang, made all the speed I could till I came to Belton, several miles from the sea, and Yarmouth. At this place I overtook the driver of the London stage waggon, to whom I made my case known, and through whose kindness I was protected; and in less than a month from my adventure at Redbridge, was once more restored to my kind father on these my native plains. There was one thing," continued the shepherd, "while on board the ship that struck me with great wonder and delight. Being accustomed—as we shepherds are—from my infancy to know the quarter from whence the wind blows, I was eager to know the use of what they called the compass, and was not long without understanding its utility; but being without the knowledge of letters, I despaired of ever finding profit from its mysterious attraction; however, it often has been uppermost in my mind, and the cause of a very useful discovery to me in the moments of difficulty. I requested to know this discovery. It led me," pursued the shepherd, "to discover

A LAND COMPASS,

A thing, though of more simplicity, not of less benefit to man lost in deep forests, inland woods, or on extensive plains; or wherever a plant of green wood is to be found. At this the shepherd cut a hazel stick and stuck it in the ground, requesting me to suppose for a moment the stick was growing. "The grain of all trees," said he, "north of the equator is contracted to the north, and expanded to the south. When you have cut your upright plant draw a line across the grain of that you have left standing and you have the four cardinal points; by this compass, if I have the sun for observation, I can at all times recover my home, and if there be no sun, find my way in a direct line from my bewilderment to some known station that will not fail to put me in my proper way again."

I was pleased to learn this from a shepherd, and have often found the experiment answer, but one time in particular I found my way almost in a direct line from Enborow to the city of Wells, over the pathless top of Mendip, which I conceived at that moment to be fortunate, as night was coming on, and had I not thought on this expedient, I must have wandered greatly out of my way.

The black cloud approached us in a very threatening form, and as the shepherd had foretold, burst in thunder, lightning, and rain, in so much that the plain seemed to smoke before us to the horizon. The tempest being exhausted the cloud passed away to the S. E. leaving with us very little effects of its fury. And now the sun beamed forth again with redoubled brilliancy, and the face of the wide extended plain, refreshed by the rude efforts of nature, became more beautiful. I was about to part with my communicative friend the shepherd, and

and presented him a trifle for his civilities; he took it with modest reluctance, observing, "He thanked God he was not in want of any thing, that on the contrary providence had been particularly kind to him, for he had enjoyed all his life an uninterrupted state of good health, and that he was perfectly happy in his station; my wants are but few," continued he, "of course the easier to supply, and I have not, but at the death of my good father, known an hour of sorrow for these twenty years; my wife is kind, my children dutiful, and if I have any thing to regret, it is only a want of that learning which would divert my moments of leisure."

Happy shepherd, I exclaimed, as we parted, and my imagination instantly glanced to that charming description of Shakespear, where he shews the contrast between the turbulent life of a sovereign prince, and this peaceful peasant—

SONNET FROM SHAKESPEAR.

O, God! methinks it were a happy lot
 To be no better than a simple swain,
The peaceful tenant of a little cot,
 The blithe companion of the village train.

Where cares, mistrust, and treasons, banish sleep,
 See, on his glitt'ring couch, the monarch laid;
While the poor swain, encircled by his sheep,
 Securely slumbers in the hawthorn shade.

To tend his flock is all his worldly care;
 To rest and sport, alternate hours are given,
Save when religion claims the pause of pray'r,
 And meditation wafts the soul to heaven.

Unruffled, flows the tenor of each day,
 'Till time's white honours o'er his temples wave;
And resignation, smiling midst decay,
 Thro' nature's path, conducts him to the grave!

Quitting the humble hovel of this hospitable shepherd, I took my way to visit those wonderful remains of early magnificence, the *Chorea Gigantum*, so called by our antient historians; by their progenitors *Choir-Gaur*; and the moderns, Stonehenge.

STONEHENGE.

After a pleasant ramble of nearly three hours, from my leaving Salisbury, this object broke upon my sight, and though at the distance of full half a mile, I could not restrain the feelings of respect with the pause of admiration; and now sitting me on a molehill, the words of Volney came across my recollection, and with him I thus addressed the work of many ages.

"Solitary ruins! sacred tombs! ye mouldering and silent walls, all hail! To you I address my invocation. While the vulgar shrink from your aspect with secret terror, my heart finds in this contemplation a thousand delicious sentiments, a thousand admirable recollections. Pregnant, I may truly call you with useful lessons, with pathetic and irresistible advice to the man who knows how to consult you."

I arose and hastened towards the temple of our remotest progenitors. It stands on the brow of an easy hill, on the great plain of Sarum, about eight miles north-west of that city, and about a mile and a half from Amesbury, a little verging to the north-east of the road that leads to the Devizes, presenting the most interesting picture that can be conceived. Passing the broad ditch that encompasses the whole, the sepulchral tumuli engaged my attention, for one of these had been lately opened to gratify curiosity, and the labourer was rewarded with an urn of an unimpaired texture, containing many ashes, beside several pieces of half consumed bones.

"Tombs!"

"Tombs! what virtue and potency do you exhibit! Tyrants tremble at your aspect, you poison with secret alarm their impious pleasures; they turn from you with impatience, and coward-like endeavour to forget you amidst the sumptuousness of their palaces."

This urn, with the ashes and burnt bones, is a decided proof of its early antiquity, for the custom of burning the dead has been discontinued in this island for at least seventeen hundred years; therefore, the origin of Stonehenge may be well referred to a period much more remote than the Christian æra.

To attempt a minute description of this diffused mass would be the mispending of time; for after all that can be said, the whole is but a gigantic heap of stones, misplaced and deformed by age and accident, affording to the stranger, it must be owned, a very uncommon appearance; and which, at the same time it surprises, attaches a reverence not easy to describe. I several times paced about the site of this ruin, endeavouring to number the fragments, but without success, and when tired in the attempt, I sat me in the middle of the mass, to contemplate in deeper solitude its venerable aspect; for

"I do love these auncient ruynes:
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foote upon some reverend history:
And questionless here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lye interred,
Loved the church so well, and gave so large to't,
They thought it should have canopide their bones
Till doomesday; but all things have their end;
Churches and cities, which have diseases like men,
Must have like death that we have."

The antiquity, with the original use of this stupendous structure, appears to me to be still hid behind the clouds of conjecture, for no writer I have met with, and I have examined many on the subject, seems to be guided by the clew of certainty. Among the variety of opinions, the following may be attended to, but only for amusement.

That it was a monument of the Britons, raised in memory of their darling queen Boadicea. That it was a British triumphal monument, erected to Anaraith, the goddess of victory, after a bloody battle won by Stannings and his Cangic giants from Divitiacus and his Belgæ, or the Salii of Belgium; and that so many of the Salii were slain, that the field obtained the name of Salisbury Plain.

That it was a temple of the Romans to the god Cœlum, or Terminus, of the Tuscan order.

That it was the burial place of Uther Pendragon, Constantine Ambrosius, and other British kings; and that it was a Danish monument, erected for a burial place, a trophy of some victory, or a place of election or coronation of their kings: while Henry of Huntingdon, who lived a thousand years ago, honestly confesses, that after all his researches, he cannot find to what purpose these structures were erected. Among the moderns, Inigo Jones and Dr. Stukely have been indefatigable in their investigations, but to no clear purpose; and the latter, after all his industry and ingenuity, is forced to exclaim, in the words of the poet, "*Tantum religio potuit.*"

The most probable conjecture I have met with is, that STONEHENGE was a temple of the Druids long before this island was invaded by the Romans; for the religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable

considerable parts of their government, and these Druids were their high priests, in possession of the supreme authority: they had only to will, and their commands were as sacredly obeyed as the will of heaven. It was in this temple their young men were instructed in the mysteries of religion, and formed for the cabinet, the public council, and the field. The external traces and the numerous tumuli or barrows, as they are called, are so many grand testimonies of its former consequence, and that it could be only raised at the expence of a nation. The stones which remain are clearly understood to be granite in a decomposed state, and there is every reason to conclude they are of the same nature and origin as the BOLDER-STONE at the Grey Weathers and Aubury. The Avon probably facilitated their transportation; but the mode of their elevation is not so easy to form a judgment of, unless we admit the knowledge of the use of the fulcrum, the wedge, the pully, and the inclined-plane at so remote a period of antiquity: however, there must be a drawback upon such an admission, when we reflect that at this moment there remains one of their largest stones, of the same fashion with the rest of the uprights, lying in the Avon, supposed to have fallen from the breaking of the machine that was to convey it to its destination, and at the very place that must then have been the common ford; which, it is most probable, had not been left there by the workmen, had they been acquainted with the use of such instruments. The course of the river has been diverted by this stone, whose size, texture, and fashion all go to strengthen the foregoing conjectures. At this ford I turned to bid adieu to Stonehenge, and passing the Avon, cheerfully took my way till I entered the pleasant village of

AMESBURY;

A town, if we may give credit to old Thomas Churchyard the poet, once of the utmost consequence, as it contained the college of the druidical orders, and was dignified by them with the name of Ambrosia, or divine; for it was then esteemed a pleasant healthful situation, and a station fit for the gods. Amesbury, the present name, is but a vulgar diminutive of Ambrosia, and this origin is the more to be respected, when we consider that scarce an ancient Roman writer, when remarking on the rarities of Britain, omits to call Stonehenge by the name of *Ambrosia-Mons*.

The town, at present, has but little to recommend it to the attention of the traveller, except a noble seat, and gardens full of divine views, belonging to his Grace the Duke of Queensberry. This mansion was built after a plan made by Inigo Jones, and is in the best stile of that celebrated artist. His Grace has beside a good collection of pictures, many of them pleasing to the Sportsman; an inimitable portrait of the poet Gay, to whom the late Duke and Dutchess were so amiably attached, that they were never better gratified than when of Mr. Gay's society. The elegant tribute in Westminster Abbey to the memory of this excellent man, was raised by these noble personages; who by the inscription thereon, written by Mr. Pope, have transmitted to futurity the lively virtues of their dear friend, and their own laudable liberality.

The river, the old bridge, and the remains of a nunnery, are, however, features to be respected; and the brown ale of Amesbury is equal to any thing of the kind throughout the country. Leaving this

this divine seat of the Druids, I rambled for several miles through a country beautifully diversified with numerous flocks, rich inclosures, bubbling waters, cornmills, and trees yielding the most delicious fruits; when having sat awhile beneath the cooling shade of some broad chesnut trees, I recorded these things on my tablets, and then slowly mounted the hill of

OLD SARUM,

On the brow of which stands a solitary house, the only covered habitation, except a pig-stye, in the whole borough of Old Sarum. Perceiving in the front of this dwelling, an incitement for the malt-worm to slack his thirst, and the door to stand invitingly open, and finding myself somewhat weary, I entered an ample suttling room, whose coolness and sweetness was gratefully refreshing. For near half an hour, I was the sole possessor of the castle, for the master was gone to Salisbury, and his daughter, with her sweetheart, in the garden. My patience was by no means exhausted; here was mental food enough for a philosopher, and to compensate the traveller for every inattention. The walls, beside plans, elevations, and descriptions of the antient city of Sarum, were richly adorned with many of those early ballads and compositions, whose histories may create a smile or draw a dewdrop from the eye of the pretty maiden, or soften the heart of the most obdurate rustic. The chief of these were most gaily coloured with powderblue, red lead, and yellow ochre, and formed a concatenation so singular, that had the witty dean of St. Patrick's been at the arrangement, his reverence could not have displayed a more lively satire on the Benedictine Union, or the follies of man. Here was the Temptation by Eve, Tasting the forbidden Fruit, a Man loaded with Mischief, the Wanton Wife of Bath, the Way to Horn Fair, the Children in the Wood, David's Repentance, and the Fall of Man; and on the other side, Collin's Request, the Maid's Compliance, A Wife for the Devil, the Jolly Beggars, and the Merry Cuckold.

After vociferating for refreshment, and some time striking with my stick on the great oaken table, I brought the young lass and her sweetheart from the garden; she apologized for making me wait, and after taking a cup of her cyder, we all three became good friends together, and I soon prevailed on the young fellow to shew me round the site of the old city; we passed through a close at the back of the house, and at an entrance particularly romantic, beheld a scene, "Of ancient grandeur, awful to the mind alive to feeling and refined by taste."

But few remains of the ancient Sarum are to be discovered, except in some places as we ascend the hill, the foundations of the streets, and these so faintly, that an ordinary visitor would tread over them without notice. Various causes are attributed by historians for deserting this elevated station. One of them asserts, that by a convulsion of nature, the rivers Avon and Adderbourn mingled their waters, and the sources which supplied Sarum were totally lost to the inhabitants; so that to obtain that element, the people were obliged to pay as dear as for the common beverage of the country. This cause appears to be the most probable, as it is a principal one, corroborated by the Bull of Honorius to Bishop Poor and the chapter.

"My Sons,

"It having been alleged before us on your behalf, that your church is

is built within the fortifications of Sarum, and subject to so many inconveniences and oppressions, that you cannot reside in the same without great corporal peril; for being situated on a lofty place, it is continually shaken by the collision of the winds, so that while you are celebrating the divine offices, you cannot hear one another, the place is so noisy; and besides, the persons residing there suffer such perpetual oppressions, that they are hardly able to keep in repair the roof of the church, which is constantly torn by tempestuous winds; they are also forced to buy water at as great a price as would be sufficient to purchase the common drink of the country, nor is there access open to the same without licence of the castellan; so that it happens, that on Ash-Wednesday, when the Lord's Supper is administered at the time of synods, the faithful being willing to visit the said church, entrance is denied them by the keepers of the castle, &c. besides, you have not houses sufficient for you, wherefore you are obliged to rent several of the laity; and that, on account of these and other inconveniencies, many absent themselves from the service of the church, we, therefore, willing to provide for the exigency, did give our mandate to our beloved son, Gualo, &c. &c."

A plot of ground being pitched on, for the purpose of quitting Old Sarum for ever, the foundation of a new city was laid, 1220. Bishop Poor placed the first stone of the church for Honorius the pope, the second for the Archbishop of Canterbury, the third for himself, the fourth was for Longespee the earl, and the fifth for Elaide Vitra, his beloved countess; and all this was done in the vale of many waters, a long mile south of the old, dry, and barren hill. The king protected the church and the rising city, and in 1258, the whole was finished, and named New Sarum, or, from the great plain, the city of Salisbury. The new city began rapidly to flourish, and the old as rapidly to decay; insomuch, that in a few years but few testimonies were to be seen of its former magnificence. Even the graves were dismantled of their sacred deposits, and their rarest monuments of antiquity removed to adorn the new fabric.

The ditches which surround the old castle hill, are still of great depth and capacity, lined with a velvet carpet of fadeless verdure, in the centre of which, at equal distances, is a number of stately trees; and on the extremity of the top, to the N.W. is about a rood square of the old wall, enough to furnish the traveller with an idea of its former strength and security.

The manner of returning a parliament man for this rotten borough is rather curious. The lord of the domain having proposed his man, the inhabitants of a paultry mud-built village called Straitford, for there is not a single elector within his precinct, cross their river, and mount half way the hill of Sarum to a wide spreading tree, long selected for the purpose, and there choose a new member for Old Sarum; these pliant electors being, like Lord Truman's cocks, all upon one side, the business is presently completed to the satisfaction of the great man, who having entertained them with a good dinner, sends the creature of his will ready cut and dried to take his seat in the great house of the nation.

By this, it may be seen how small a share the people have in what they call their own government. The democratic circle is here eclipsed by its own corruptions; and surely it is full time for the

the happiness of England, that by a convulsive effort, the representative system should be cleansed of its impurities. O my country! thus are thy virtuous laws degraded, and thus thy degenerate sons sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

The glorious sun was now sinking beneath this venal hill, and every creature but the weak-eyed bat posting to repose, when parting with my new companion, I turned towards Salisbury. The cloudless heavens accorded with the serenity of all things below; and as the evening star was particularly brilliant, I sat me on a stile to contemplate its effulgence, and to listen to the song of a neighbouring nightingale; my spirits were renovated by the minstrelsy of nature, and I thus addressed the harbinger of the rising moon.

THE EVENING STAR.

Hesperus! brightest of yon glitt'ring train,
Here will I woo thee in this peaceful bow'r,
While pours the nightingale her melting strain,
And charms away the solemn evening hour;
While yet I stray from courtly haunts afar,
Where beauty beams, and many a glitt'ring star,
Not such as shine with mirth on all they meet,
But stars that gild the bosom of deceit:
One ray of thine, bright orb, delights my breast
More than ten thousand stars from silken courtly vest.

What myriads wait thee thro' this azure way!
All these shall vanish at the star of day;
A brighter star than that shall hence appear,
When we have done with thee, and all that please us here.

You will see by this I finish my day's ramble with sober thoughts, which sometimes become us better than the dithyrambics of Bacchus, or the noisy overflowings of excess.

T. N.

AMERICAN PUFFING.

I LEARN, with particular pleasure, that the celebrated John R. D. Huggins, whose modest merit has found its way to public favour without the quackery of puffing advertisements, having returned from his recent mission into the barbarous regions of the East, in which he has endeavoured to diffuse some rays of taste, has again taken in charge the heads of our *fashionables* and *elegantes*. This distinguished personage, by the airy lightness and graceful negligence he imparts to the hair placed under his direction, has formed a new era in the annals of the American *beau monde*. He has also made such advantageous transatlantic arrangements, that he receives the London and Parisian modes by *telegraphic despatch*, without the unnecessary delay of a moment. A supply of these has just arrived, exhibiting the various grades of fashion, from the *incroyable* of the Thuilleries to the modish lounger of Bond-street, and from the stately *haut ton* of female elegance at St. James's, to the sportive and aerial style of the *petite figurante* at Paris. His Dressing Academy, and School for Fashions, at No. 92, Broadway, is deservedly a place of the most fashionable resort, where the spirit and adroitness with which his pupils flourish a comb, or curl a whisker, are truly admirable; while such is the gentle dexterity with which they handle a razor, that it is really a pleasure for a gentleman to be taken by the nose. His laughable collection of caricatures, of which

he has just received from London a large and very diverting supply, affords infinite amusement during the ceremony of *titivation*. He has also a handsome assortment of combs, razors, pomatum, dressing boxes, and every requisite for the toilet, which he is ever willing to exchange for paper or silver, for the accommodation of his visitors. In short, such are the numerous merits of this eccentric genius, that I hold it a duty to draw them from that obscurity of which his modesty is so ambitious. PHILO FRIZ.

ASTONISHING ENGAGEMENT WITH A BEAR.

A GENTLEMAN from Cayuga county, between the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, in America, relates, that Mr. Wayborne, a farmer, in Ovid township, went out one afternoon through the woods in search of his horses, taking with him his rifle, with the only load of ammunition he had in the house. On his return home, about an hour before dusk, he perceived a very large bear crossing the path; on which he instantly fired, and the bear fell, but immediately recovering his legs, made for a deep ravine a short way a-head. Here he tracked him a while by the blood; but night coming on, and expecting to find him dead in the morning, he returned home. A little before day break the next morning, taking a pitchfork and hatchet, and his son, a boy of ten or eleven years of age, with him, he proceeded to the place in quest of the animal. The glen or ravine, into which he had disappeared the evening before, is eighty or ninety feet from the top of the banks to the bottom of the brook below: down this precipice a stream of three or four yards in breadth is precipitated, in one unbroken sheet, and forming a circular bason or pool, winds away among thick underwood below. After reconnoitering every probable place of retreat, he at length discovered the bear, who had made his way up the other side of the ravine, as far as the rocks would admit him, and sat under a projecting cliff, stedfastly eying the motions of his enemy. Wayborne, desiring his boy to remain where he was, took the pitchfork, and descending to the bottom, determined to attack him from below. The bear kept his position until he got within six or seven feet, when, on the instant of making a stab with the pitchfork, he found himself grappled by bruin, and both together rolled down towards the pond, at least twenty or twenty-five feet, the bear munching his left arm and breast, and hugging him almost to suffocation. By great exertion he forced his right arm partly down his throat, and in that manner endeavoured to strangle him, but was once more hurled headlong down through the bushes, a greater distance than before, into the water. Here, finding the bear gaining on him, he made one desperate effort, and forced his head partly under water: and repeating his exertions, at length weakened the animal so much, that calling to his boy, who stood on the other side in a state little short of distraction for the fate of his father, he sunk the edge of the hatchet, by repeated blows, into his brain. Wayborne, though a robust muscular man, was with great difficulty able to crawl home, where he lay for upwards of three weeks with his wounds, his arm being mashed from the shoulder to the elbow into the bone, and his breast severely mangled. The bear weighed upwards of four hundred and twenty pounds.

LAW.

LAW.

A DOG CAUSE.

Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall, Dec. 14, before Mr. Justice Chambre.

HYNE *v.* SANDMAN.

THE plaintiff sought to recover damages for being dreadfully lacerated by a ferocious dog kept by the defendant—the damages were laid at L.300.

Mr. Serjeant Cockel described the plaintiff to be an industrious hatter, and the defendant a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Borough. On the 2d of October the plaintiff, going to work, observed a friend near Queen-street, and crossed the road, with intent to shake hands—on which the ferocious animal sprang upon him, tore away the flesh from his arm, with the sleeve of his jacket, and left him bleeding in a dreadful situation; being relieved from the gripe of the animal, he was conveyed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where he remained 13 weeks, and recovered, but was at present unable to work as he usually did at his business, and would in all probability carry the marks of violence to his grave.

The learned Counsel observed, the law said, if a man has a fierce animal, he is bound to take care of it—and if it did mischief, the party was answerable for all the consequences; he therefore hoped the Jury would think it their duty, in the present instance, to give extensive damages, the more so, as the defendant, on being applied to for a small compensation for the injury, had declared he would not afford one farthing—the law was open, and the party might seek redress.

William Brett saw the plaintiff bit by the dog.

John Harper lived with the defendant as servant. On the 2d of October he took the dog out of the yard, where he was chained up, and carried him out without the knowledge of his master. He saw the plaintiff in Queen-street, when in consequence of the latter saying some words of anger to a little dog which he had with him, the defendant's dog flew at him and produced the consequences already stated. Witness had no authority to take the dog out, and the animal, previous to the present instance, had not bit any one, but was considered a quiet creature.

Mr. Justice Chambre observed, when the evidence had got thus far, that the action would not lie against the defendant; here was no ground to impute the mischief to him, the misfortune had arisen from the conduct of his servant without his knowledge. If a man had been but once told that his dog had bit a passenger, he was afterwards responsible for any injury it might do; but no proof of that nature had been stated; the action therefore could not be sustained. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

FORTUNE TELLING.

Westminster Sessions, before William Mainwaring, Esq. Jan. 4.

ELIZ. Jones was brought before the magistrate, under the vagrant act. Ann Lacy, a very tall girl, of an innocent countenance and simple manners, was the principal witness against her; and from her evidence it appeared, that this prophetess had prevailed upon the poor girl to admit her into her master's house, in Hanover-square, in order that she might make known to her the events of her future life, of her sweetheart and fortune; and, in the

the sequel, persuaded her that it was necessary she should have certain articles of value in her possession, for a limited period, in return for which she would give her a talisman, of an extraordinary nature and influence, which had wrought such miracles as had never been known before.

Thus wrought upon, this credulous girl gave her two silver table spoons, six tea spoons, a one pound note, a shilling, a shawl, and a silk handkerchief. In return for which, she received something wrapped up in a piece of paper, which she was to lock up very carefully until her return, and by no means to examine it. She was then told her charm would be fulfilled at five o'-clock, at which hour she would come back with the articles in her custody, and open to her her future fate; on leaving the house, she strictly enjoined the girl, neither to look behind her, nor to watch which way she went, for in that case the charm would be broken. Notwithstanding this injunction, and the powerful desire of knowing her fortune, the girl was induced to follow her, and when she had got as far as Grosvenor-square, overtook her in the act of running away; she, however, recovered the possession of the articles; and the prophetess, it appears, was not aware of her own fate, for she was taken into custody by a police officer, and, after an investigation before a magistrate, was committed to prison.

The police officer stated, that she did not then appear quite so well clad as when taken into custody.

The Chairman told her, she belonged to a set of people who were a pest to society, and who, under a pretence of telling fortunes, imposed upon innocent and credulous people, and, most frequently robbed them. He then informed her, that had she been taken after five o'-clock, she would have been tried in a very different manner; as it was, it was his duty to sentence her to six months imprisonment, and hard labour during that time; but if she should be again brought before the court on a similar offence, she would be imprisoned two years; and for a third offence she would be transported as a rogue and vagabond.

The prisoner appeared to be about 50 years of age, of a swarthy complexion, dressed in a grey cloak and gypsey hat, and in every other respect carried all the characteristics of one of the Sibylline sisterhood about her.

THEATRICALS.

HARLEQUIN QUICKSILVER; OR THE GNOME AND THE DEVIL.

Covent Garden, Dec. 26.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Albert	Mr. Brunton
Sancho	Mr. Blanchard
Asmodeus	Mr. Simmons
Keeper	Mr. Atkins
Miners	Mess. King and Jeffries
Quicksilver	Mr. Menage
Queen of the Gnomes	Mrs. Atkins
Julia	Miss Davies

PANTOMIMIC CHARACTERS.

Harlequin	Mr. Bologna
Scaramouch	Mr. Dubois
Landlord	Mr. Bologna sen.
Avaro	Mr. L. Bologna
Dr. Sangrado	Mr. Abbott
Columbina	Miss Searle.

Guards, Miners, Gnomes, Maskers, Sailors, &c. &c. &c.

THE FABLE.

THE scene of the first act lies in the mines of Potosi, where Albert is confined as a slave, by the severity of Avaro, a Spanish miser, who wishing to marry his daughter Julia to Signor Finikino, contrives

contrives the arrest of Albert, who is the young lady's favoured lover. The piece opens with a view of the mine, where Julia, attended by Sancho and Columbina, comes to seek her banished lover, having escaped in man's apparel from her father's house, and stored herself with means to purchase his release.—The disclosure of the riches she carries about her being overheard by some of the miners, they inform the keeper, whose rapacity prompts him to seize the lady and her companions, and appropriate the intended price of Albert's enlargement to his own use; on Albert's spirited resistance of this conduct, he and Julia, with their friends, are seized and confined with every circumstance of insult and aggravation. At this time the Queen of those subterranean Spirits or Gnomes, who are supposed to be the Genii of the mine, summonses her attendants to a periodical festival, which is held in a recess, formed of every brilliant produce of the mine; the habits of her fairy courtiers are composed of all that is beautiful and resplendent in the mineral, fossil, or submarine world: among others, she summonses a genii, called Quicksilver, who relates the hard case of the above mentioned lovers, over whose safety he has been watching, and intreats power to give them effectual assistance; the Queen and her agents transform Quicksilver into Harlequin, every mineral endowing him with its peculiar colour, power, and properties. Thus created, Harlequin is commissioned to serve and protect the lovers, until they have surmounted their difficulties. Their deliverance from the mine is effected just as Julia's father and foppish lover arrive in pursuit of her. Harlequin, who becomes enamoured of Julia's attendant, and changes her to Columbine, conducts Albert and Julia by a magical conveyance, into Spain, where they are pursued by their opposers through the usual routine of pantomimical adventures, tricks, and changes, in the house of Dr. Sangrado. The father of Julia, by accidentally releasing the Devil on two sticks from his old confinement in a glass bottle, obtains a friend to assist him against the supernatural agency of Harlequin; the power vested in the crutch of Asmodeus becomes superior to the art of the motley hero; the lovers are at length seized, and reconducted to the mine; when they are again relieved by the Queen of the Gnomes, who asserts her power upon her own territory; unites the lovers, rewards Harlequin, and reconciles the adverse party, who conclude their adventures in a Fairy palace, worthy, from its splendour, to be the residence of the Queen of Diamonds.

This pantomime is very well suited to the taste of the present age, which strongly tends towards the marvellous in incidents, and to magnificent spectacles. The Rosicrusion system, which forms a part of the fable, is well calculated to gratify that taste, and it receives ample support from the powers of the Genii of the mines. The whole of the scenery in this piece deserves high commendation—it is splendid and beautiful, and the changes are effected in such a manner as to excite pleasure as well as surprise. There is variety as well as splendour in the Piece; and it was managed in all its evolutions much better than is usual on a first exhibition. The plot was invented by Mr. T. Dibdin, who furnished the recitative, dialogue, and songs, which are better than we generally find in such productions.

Miss Davies, Miss Searle, Blanchard, and Bologna, acquitted themselves very well. We were, however, sorry to see Brunton degraded

graded to a pantomime, as he is a very respectable young actor, and as many performers at this Theatre might more properly have had the part assigned to them.

The music is by Davy. It is lively and appropriate. He has, however, endeavoured to display too much science in the overture, a composition which is very little attended to on these occasions, and which ought chiefly to consist of those melodies that are likely to catch the ear of an audience impatient for the tricks of Harlequin and the ludicrous distresses of his enemies.

The pantomime was throughout well received, and as it will doubtless from time to time have an additional portion of the usual whimsical blunders blended with its show, it is likely to be a popular treat to the town at this season.—The house was crowded.

A HARLEQUINADE.

Drury-Lane.

THIS divertisement has long been considered as essential to the due celebration of Christmas, as minced pies or Twelfth-night cakes: to satisfy the appetite of the public must prove a very puzzling task to the managers. The motley hero is expected every year to appear in new circumstances, and to perform fresh feats of dexterity, but he has already been of every known trade and profession, and exhausted the means of creating astonishment: he has flown through the air; he has navigated the ocean; he has travelled over the whole world; he has sat in council with the gods; he has visited the abodes of departed spirits; with his wooden spear he has metamorphosed every natural and artificial object. This theatre, despairing of giving any novelty to the old story, has, upon the present occasion, greatly curtailed it, and, instead of a pantomime, has announced only a pantomimic ballet. Unless something more could have been done than we have seen for some years back, we look upon this proceeding as very judicious. There can be nothing more tiresome exhibited on the stage, than the common place escapes of Harlequin and Columbine from the father of the latter, the watchman's coat, the boat, the post-chaise, the bale of goods, &c. with the usual succession of mistakes, tumbles, and wry faces of the party in pursuit. Tricks are amusing if they are naturally introduced, and advance the catastrophe; but when they have no connection with the story, and are clumsily interpolated, a long series of them becomes fatiguing, and amazement being over, disgust very quickly follows. The dance, for it is nothing more, is called "Old Harlequin's Fire-side." When the curtain draws up, we are presented with a whole family, dressed in motley attire. We have not only one, but half a dozen infant Harlequins and Columbines, of different sizes. Parents and children are all industriously engaged in household occupations; some spinning, some preparing dinner, and some mending shoes. After a clap of thunder, a celestial being appears to set a-going the miraculous incidents in proper form. We could not exactly trace the remaining part of the fable; Time descended with his hour glass, and in a few minutes changed a child in the cradle to a full grown man; but it was not very evident for what particular purpose he interposed with this extraordinary exertion of his power. The true Columbine was not visible

ble till at the conclusion, when she stepped forward to give a specimen of her dancing. Punch, with a number of other characters, were exhibited as lying entranced, but suddenly started into life, and favoured us with a few of their pleasantries and grimaces The dancing, which has been chiefly had in view, is very good. Byrne and Mrs. Sharpe communicated the pleasure that is felt in beholding refined excellence; while Master Oscar Byrne and Miss C. Bristow delighted the spectators by proofs of premature merit. The embellishments were very splendid, and the music is pretty, so that the piece altogether has considerable merit, and went off with great applause. It was preceded by the comedy of "The Busy Body," and followed by the spectacle of "Richard Cœur de Lion." The part of Miranda, in the former, on account of the continued indisposition of Miss Duncan, was supported by Miss Mellon, who went through it with much sprightliness, ease, and good humour. The audience was numerous, if not very fashionable.

MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE.

MR. EDITOR,

IN former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man* From this character you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a warm man; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make, and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion, of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence, suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself light as a bird that has escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness; something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement, my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties, or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no Custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon

upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negociate. These had been the employments of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. "It was very singular," you will say, "that all this never occured to me before." Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary, helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits into a man of pleasure and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences more of a painful than pleasureable nature: my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early liking and disliking; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really, more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory, or the red book; and such a chain of reasoning, or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again; and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius), whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a nod.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would

would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here, too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, "of no use to any person but the owner." The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long; my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects foreign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length; but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had no great one of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that "your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow-bells."

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits and the indolence of my habit: and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, for ever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain in the highest possible degree. I am, Sir, &c.

THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

A CURE FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Wonderful, prodigious, and miraculous Restorative Powder for the Teeth!!!

THESE wonderful powders are used by the King and Queen of Israel, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Viceroy of Golgotha, Great Duke of Dunlary, First Consul of Stoney Batter, and other imperial potentates. They were in high estimation a thousand years before the flood; and are the same which Noah used in the ark, to change

change the teeth of his elephants from green to white. With these powders the Egyptians beautified the teeth and renovated the gums of their mummies. But their wonderful virtues, chronicled in the biography of the Antediluvians, are all eclipsed by their surprising effects on modern credulity. By the constant use of them, the impotent efforts of meddling Nature are set at defiance; the ravages of hoary time, which decays adamantine substances, has no power over a tooth touched by a particle of these powders. The miracles they daily perform are believed by every idiot who purchases them, and can only be doubted by those who are unfortunately encumbered with two ideas. The restorative qualities of these powders enabled a lady of 90 to masticate a double-flint decanter with as little difficulty as she chewed a bread-pudding at 20. These powders hold such a mortal enmity to the tooth-ache, that a single touch is sufficient to banish the pain, and prevent its approaching even the posterity of the patient.

A PLAYHOUSE SQUEEZE.

MR. EDITOR,

I RESIDE with my family in a rural neighbourhood, at some distance from the capital. Although I seldom visit London, yet the curiosity excited in myself, my wife, and children, on the perusal of several of the late paragraphs concerning the Young Roscius, grew too strong to be resisted. We have, Sir, a great predilection for the drama, and our evenings are generally passed in the lecture or recital of theatrical pieces. Nay, I have frequently had the honour of reading the Rev. Lemuel Looby, our rector, to sleep in his easy chair after dinner, a task the more arduous and worthy of applause, as he is terribly invaded by the gout, to whose repeated attacks my delivery of the "Wife of Two Husbands," the "Soldier's Daughter," and some other of our newest productions, has often proved an effectual remedy. Mr. Looby, Sir, is a man of most extensive literary acquirements. He is, A.M. F.R.S. and a librarian in that justly celebrated repository of national learning, the British Museum; after which latter proof of his orthodox opinions, and solidity of understanding, you will not be surprised at my confidence in his approbation. Then, Sir, he has attended at our private theatricals, to which we sometimes invite the neighbourhood, and where the performance of my wife, Mrs. ———; but no words can do justice to her enchanting excellence. As for my little boy, Simpkin, he is indeed a wonder! I intend to bring him out on the London boards, as soon as the aukwardness occasioned by the jacket and trowsers he has lately assumed, for the first time, shall afford no impediment to his public appearance. Then, Sir, what will become of your Young Roscius? But to my subject.—As I was saying, Mr. Editor, the desire of my wife and family to become spectators of Master Betty's powers concurring with my own, we took coach, my wife, my daughter, my youngest son, and myself, and arrived in town, on the memorable Saturday of his first appearance. I pass over the slight inconveniences we experienced in travelling all night, in being twice overturned on the road, in losing in the mud a volume of Dr. Looby's Sermons, which, from pure gratitude, I had taken with me to doze over of an afternoon, in my turn; and, in the loss, still more to be lamented,

mented, of our dinner. For, being pre-informed of the necessity of early attendance, we, after alighting, made but one step from our inn to the pit-door of Covent Garden theatre, leading from Bow-street, where we took post at about half past one o'clock. For the first two hours, our situation, though calculated to exercise our patience, was tolerable. The persons surrounding us were few, and the chief inconvenience we experienced arose from the conduct of my son, the Infant Æsopus, who growing disgusted at the length of time he was forced to attend, to procure a sight of a person, whose powers in acting he perhaps considered as inferior to his own, and pressed by the irresistible calls of hunger, tormented us by his tears and intreaties with unrelenting obduracy. It was in vain that my daughter, to divert his attention, undertook to rehearse with him several scenes in Romeo and Juliet, to the great edification of the bystanders; and, as the crowd round us increased in proportion with the cries of my son, it became indispensably necessary to have recourse to the last remedy in these cases, and administer to him a sound whipping, which ultimately produced the desired effect of quiet. Well.—From four o'clock till five, the pressure augmented, and at length became intolerable. My wife, children, and myself, were squeezed up altogether in an inconceivably small compass, and beginning to be under some apprehensions of suffocation, anxiously awaited the opening of the doors. Heaven be praised! that moment at length came.

The throng, which, by this time, had filled every avenue to the theatre, rushed forward like a torrent. Being rather of a short lusty habit of body, and not over and above active, I found myself instantly jammed in on all sides, and unable to move. My wife (who carried her boy in her arms, with the view of insuring respect from the humanity of a British mob) and my daughter were equally embarrassed. This, however, was not the case with all around us. A genteel looking person in particular, who was at one time very assiduous in offering us his assistance, I soon after observed making his way through the populace with a rapidity that surprised me. To this gentleman, I fear, I must attribute the loss of my handkerchief, and the little money I carried in my pocket, both which I missed on entering the theatre. My son's hat was presently conveyed away from his head, as if by enchantment.

My wife lost both her shoes in a twinkling, and my daughter, a fine girl of eighteen, found herself treated with so little regard to civility, by those about her, that finding no relief in the alarming screams she uttered, with a shrillness peculiar to herself, she was obliged to employ both hands and nails in her defence.

At length the tide behind me prevailing, I was carried forward, and in spite of all my endeavours, separated from my family. I paid my money at the door (having luckily preserved between my teeth, enough for the purpose), and squeezing into the pit, found myself at some distance from the stage, wedged in by the crowd, and unable to move hand or foot. The pressure here was scarcely less than in the passage. All was turbulence—pit, boxes, and gallery, seemed involved in one general engagement.—The theatre resembled a town carried by storm, and to the noise occasioned by these rioters, I owe the loss of an address delivered by a young actor of

very

very promising appearance—notwithstanding my fondness to the drama, this, Sir, was the first play I had ever seen in London—who was obliged to withdraw without making himself heard. At length, Sir, the curtain drew up, and I was gratified with the appearance of two performers, whom the town are pleased to denominate only respectable, though I could not help considering them as excessively accomplished actors; but my entertainment was again destroyed by the loud remarks of some young bucks behind me, who amused themselves in bestowing unreserved abuse on the stile of dressing the piece. Dresses they loaded with the epithets of "beastly! dreadful! and shocking!" when I assure you, Sir, that those furnished for our private theatricals, by Mr. Slash, from London, can hardly be allowed the preference.

In the following scenes, the pathos and sentiment, in character, with which Barbarossa and Aladin delivered their speeches, excited not the least attention on the part of these insufferable critics. The graceful attitudes of the former; the expressive countenance of the latter, had no charms for their Gothic spectators, and hardly a passage of the first act was audible in any part of the house. I hoped, however, at the commencement of the second, my misfortunes would terminate. Alas! they were but beginning. A contest arose in one of the boxes just over my head; and a fat unwieldy, insolent fellow, who had intruded himself there, being compelled to quit the place he had usurped, took the desperate resolution of precipitating himself over the side of the box into the pit.—Hardly able to breathe from the pressure of those which surrounded me, judge how I must have suffered from the descent of this new ruffian, who alighting exactly on my shoulders, nearly smothered me with his weight.

All the efforts I exerted to shake him off, or dislodge him from his elevated situation, by the most excruciating bites and pinches I could bestow on the calves of his legs, and other fleshy parts of his body, were ineffectual. He braved my utmost endeavours, and maintained his post with hellish perseverance, till quite exhausted, at the moment preceding the long expected appearance of Master Betty, my senses failed me, and I fell into a swoon. On recovering, I found myself lodged in an adjacent fruiterer's, having been dragged through the boxes and lobbies into the fresh air, with the additional loss of my new wig, purloined in the confusion. Hopeless of regaining my lost situation, I repaired, brimful of chagrin, to my inn, where I experienced some satisfaction in finding my family arrived before me, with the loss of half the cloaths they had carried on their back.

The critiques of the following day, however, inflamed me with new desires to behold this paragon of dramatic excellence; but as experience had taught me prudence, I no longer suffered my family to make the attempt. I will not tire your patience, Mr. Editor, by reciting the numerous cruel disappointments I have undergone. Suffice it to say, that every evening of Master Betty's performance I have besieged the doors of the play-house, and have returned regularly unsuccesful, and covered with brusies.—Twice have I been shouldered back by the throng when within view of a vacant seat. As often have I swooned, have been carried up to the boxes, and sent senseless out of the house. I have once been seized as a pick-pocket in the very entrance of the pit, by a gentleman who

who suddenly missed his watch, and whose sides I had for ten minutes previously been goring with the full energy of my elbows. For this supposed robbery I was carried over to Bow-street, and narrowly escaped being committed.

Last Thursday, fatal day! I made for the boxes at Drury-lane Theatre, indulging the fond hope of dropping over, and securing a place in the pit. Being one of the foremost, I eagerly sprung forward at the first opening the doors, and, indifferent to all about me, overturned a woman and child in my career, and treading over them without compunction, was on the point of completing my scheme, when the railing of the stair case giving way, nearly a dozen of us were tumbled headlong upon those below, occupied in endeavours to get into the pit. My head in the fall encountering that of a raw-boned Welchman, with horrid concussion, I once more lost all recollection. How I was extricated I know not, but on recovering my senses, I found myself again at a fruiterers, and again compelled to go home, doubly, trebly, disappointed.—I write this, however, to excite the managers to take fresh precautions to insure the safety of their stair-cases; and to devise, if possible, some easier means of access, otherwise even Roscius himself may go to the devil, for any of the cares of your humble servant,

RUSTICUS.

DUELLING.

THE public are sufficiently acquainted with the sensation produced by the unfortunate duel in which General Hamilton fell, and the grief which his death occasioned in America. In several of the States, resolutions against duelling were entered into, and a general spirit was excited against a practice which had risen to a height which threatened to be attended with consepuences utterly destructive to domestic peace or public tranquillity.

The following is the memorial of the Representatives of the State of South Carolina on this subject.

"Your memorialists are deeply impressed with grief at the prevalence of the custom of duelling, which, trampling upon all laws, human and divine, sweeps off many useful citizens, leaving their families a prey to sorrow, and often, to poverty and vice.

"That this custom originated in dark and barbarous ages, when a regular and impartial administration of justice was unknown, and unpractised; but it ought not to be tolerated by the civilization of modern times, under a legislation which has provided, or may easily provide, adequate redress for all serious injuries committed against the life, liberty, fame, or property, of the citizen.

"That this custom erects a tribunal for the settlement of personal differences, in which, contrary to all sound principles, a man becomes the sole judge in his own cause; whence, as might have been expected from such a code, the only punishment for the lowest, as well as the highest offences, are written in blood.

"That the restraining personal resentment, by giving the attribute of vengeance to the laws, was the greatest victory obtained by civilization over barbarism; but the custom of duelling is too well calculated to defeat the beneficial effects of that triumph, and to weaken the authority of all laws, by accustoming men to contemn their sanctions.

"That your memorialists are apprehensive, from the frequency of the

the practice of late years, that this custom is gaining ground, and seems likely to be carried to such great lengths, as to degrade men to the condition of gladiators, and to introduce a new reign of barbarism.

"That from the nature of the human mind, men are ever ready to follow examples, especially those set by eminent persons; when therefore the body of the community perceives great, and in other respects, virtuous citizens, shedding each others blood on slight provocations or trivial pretences, the fatal practice becomes general. Thus the barriers between virtue and vice, innocence and guilt, are broken down, and that horror of shedding human blood wantonly, which is the best safeguard of the peace of society, is greatly diminished, or wholly destroyed.

"That in countries where distinctions of rank are sanctioned, a pernicious custom may exist, and be confined to the higher orders of society, and be, comparitively, little destructive—but that, in our country of equal laws, rights, and rank, such custom, if unchecked by the laws, will necessarily become general, and spread its destructive effects far and wide in the community, to the desolation of thousands of families.

"That this mortal vengeance is not resorted to merely in cases of grievous injuries, for which the laws may not have provided an adequate remedy; but in many cases of trivial offence which a generous mind would willingly pardon, this tyrant custom is supposed to impose an obligation to call out to the field of blood even a companion or friend who may have unguardedly given the provocation.

"That this absurd custom decides no right, and settles no point; as the religion and philosophy of modern times will not admit that the Almighty disposer of events will interpose his power, on such an impious appeal to his justice; which the credulity of the Gothic nations believed, when this custom existed among them in the form of judicial combat. It is therefore conceded universally, that the innocent and aggrieved person is as likely to be the victim, as the guilty offender, and probably more so, as a mild and peaceable man would be less inclined to acquire or exert a murderous skill, the effect of which he abhors.

"That the pretence of those who would execute this custom, on the ground that it polishes society, and prevents assassination, is wholly unfounded, as the most polished nations of ancient times—the Grecians and Romans; and the most humane and civilized nation of modern times—the Chinese; have enjoyed society in perfection, without the adventitious aid of this pernicious and unnatural custom; which, though in direct hostility to the principles of Christianity, prevails only in Christian Europe and America.

"Your memorialists have been informed, that although the common law of the land declares homicide in a duel to be murder, the law has become obsolete and a dead letter. That all the decisions in our courts of justice have turned wholly on the fairness with which the duel was conducted; and verdicts of acquittal, or manslaughter, have constantly been rendered.—Thence arises a necessity for a clear and explicit expression of the legislative will on this important subject, guaranteed by new and vigorous sanctions.

"Your memorialists, therefore, humbly pray that your Honourable Houses would be pleased to take this important subject into your most serious consideration; and that you would in your wisdom provide such

such remedies as may effectually destroy the evil practice complained of, by regulations wisely calculated to protect the fame and feelings of the innocent and insulted person; and to punish rigorously the bold offender who shall dare to lift his hand against his neighbour, and shed his blood in a duel, in violation of the divine law, and the law of his country."

ECCENTRICITIES OF MORLAND, THE PAINTER.

MR. George Morland, on his return to town from Deal, where he had been to make sketches along the coast, travelled on foot, accompanied by his brother-in-law Mr. Williams, the engraver; they had proceeded a short distance from Canterbury, when Morland intimated the clamarous demand made by his craving appetite for refreshment; but how to procure the necessary fare became a subject of consideration, as both our travellers, in consequence of extravagance the preceding evening, were pennyless. Morland, however, who was seldom at a loss to obtain introduction to an alehouse, quickly hit upon an expedient to serve their purpose.—Observing a low-built house by the road-side, over which hung a figure designed for a bull, he entered, and under a pretence of inquiring his way, commenced a conversation with the landlord, expressing his surprise the latter did not renew his sign, which time had nearly defaced. The host stated his inability to get it repaired, and observed it was good enough to grace his humble habitation; but on the offer of Morland to paint him a new one for five shillings, he consented, and ordered the artist to try his skill. A fresh difficulty, however, occurred; Morland was without utensils, and the sign could not be painted unless the landlord despatched a servant to purchase colours, &c. at Canterbury, which he was, after much persuasion, prevailed upon to do; in the mean time the painter bespoke a dinner, and the travellers drank several pitchers of good ale, with a proportionable quantity of spirits, the charge for which could only be defrayed by painting the sign; their reckoning, however, by the time the bull was done, doubled the stipulated five shillings, and Morland pacified the enraged landlord—who reluctantly suffered them to depart—by describing who he was, and promising to call again on a future day, and pay the balance. On his arrival in town, Morland related this adventure among his friends, at the hole in the wall, Fleet Street, and the singularity of it induced a gentleman, who possessed the highest veneration for the Painter's productions, to set off privately in search of the Canterbury bull, which he purchased of the landlord for ten guineas, and finding it answer his most sanguine expectation, placed it in his cabinet, where it now remains considered as a valuable acquisition.

Morland's liberality among his pot companions, seldom failed to leave him without a shilling, and as constantly as he needed supply, his pencil went to work to procure more. During the time he was confined in the King's Bench, it was his custom to pledge his pictures with a pawnbroker in the Borough, who knew the artist's ability, and seldom failed to send the sums required, which generally bore but small proportion to the value of the picture. His impatience for the ready rhino, frequently made him send paintings wet from the hand, with directions to the bearer not to rub or deface them: and

and one of the latter description, a farm-yard with pigs, done in his peculiar stile of excellence, was despatched to his Lombardy friend, with a polite request of three guineas, and an injunction to preserve it from harm, as it was designed for a high personage. The pawnbroker received the gem safe from the hands of the bearer, and was conveying it with all possible care to a place of security, when unfortunately he slipped going up stairs, and brought his cloathing in contact with the head and fore parts of a hog, which he entirely defaced.—The picture being thus spoiled, was sent back to Morland to re-touch, with an excuse for the accident; the painter, however, complained of the pawnbroker's inattention, and refused to repair the injury for less than five guineas, alleging it would take him an hour to replace the hog in its original situation. This demand was considered a most unconscionable extortion by the pawnbroker, and he refused the terms; but in consequence of being threatened with an action for the value of the picture, laid at L.30, at last reluctantly acceded to Morland's demand, who gave a liberal treat to his friends upon the occasion.

EGYPTIAN FURNITURE.

MR. EDITOR,

It is my misfortune to be a woman without any taste, and to be married to a very honest man, who has a great deal too much.—Since this cursed Egyptian style came into fashion, I have never had a moment's comfort. Every thing in and out of the house is transmogrified, and I sincerely believe if I fret myself to death, in spite of all the ridicule cast on Mr. Vanbutchel, my husband would have a satisfaction in making me into a mummy. Every article of furniture, from the parlour to the garret, must look as if it was manufactured by a cabinet maker at Memphis or Cairo three thousand years ago. My eldest boy rides on a sphynx instead of a rocking horse, and my youngest has a pap boat in the shape of a crocodile. My husband has built a water closet in the form of a pyramid, and has his shirts marked with a lotus.

He talks in his sleep of Ibis, Apis, and *Sir* Apis, and God knows what other heathen names, who, he tells me, were more celebrated in Egypt than Lord Nelson, or Sir Sidney Smith. *Sir* Apis was probably a Baronet of that country, but nobody I am sure, ever heard of the other gentlemen. We have bulls feet, or cows feet to all our old claw tables, and he has stuck in the hall a plaster of Paris figure of an old gentleman with lappets on his head, whom he calls Osiris.—The children's nurses crawl up the back stairs every night for fear of seeing him. My eldest girl's music master is turned away because he could not teach her to play on the sistrum, a thing like a horseshoe.

If our steward writes us word from the country, of a flood that has carried off half the dead stock of a farm, my husband tells me the overflowing of the Nile is the blessing of Egypt, and we are to have a coach built in the spring, with black, red, and brown pannels, and covered with hieroglyphics. For my part, I know not where this folly is to end, but this I know, that I have already felt more of the plagues of Egypt than ever I read of or suffered before, and sincerely lament that all the architects and cabinet makers of that country did not form a part of Pharaoh's host when he was crossing the Red Sea.

Priscilla Plainstitch.

HUMOURS

HUMOURS OF A TWELFTH-NIGHT.

HAVING for some time been engaged to spend Twelfth-day with an old friend, a few miles from the metropolis, I arrived at his hospitable mansion about one o'clock, and was received by him and his lady with the greatest cordiality. Soon after we were seated, he told me he had planned an entertainment, a good burlesque upon that ridiculous diversion, as he called it, a masquerade. "I have," said he, "invited a large party of friends of both sexes, to partake of the ancient custom of drawing lots, and chusing king and queen; but instead of those characters, I have substituted others, with a little more meaning in them: these I have thrown into a large china vase, male and female promiscuously, and have provided proper dresses, which is to be finished with a dance by the motley crew; and as many of those who put their hands into the vase, will, most probably, draw lots not very suitable to them, I expect no small amusement from the opposition of the dresses to the persons who appear in them."

I was not a little diverted with this whimsical scheme, and no less so with the party, consisting of about twenty agreeable people. With them I sat down to table at three o'clock, and dined with much hilarity. As soon as the wine and coffee were removed, the vase above mentioned was placed upon the table. The master of the house then desired his guests to take out their tickets in succession, and retire to their respective rooms, without discovering to each other what they contained, in order to prepare themselves for the evening jubilee; and requesting them, at the same time, to come down in their masks, that the mutual endeavours to find each other out, might contribute to the merriment of the night. Eager to know their destiny, they willingly submitted to the regulations proposed. I waited for their coming into the great hall, which was splendidly illuminated. There was also a band of music placed commodiously at the lower end; and a large table on one side, upon which the cake appeared, cut into proper divisions, and surrounded with refreshments of various kinds, so happily disposed as to have a very picturesque effect. Upon a signal given, just after the clock had struck seven, the maskers descending the great staircase, made their appearance, and sure such a grotesque groupe was never seen before! There was indeed so much laughter and so much confusion, that I could not immediately make any discrimination.

The first figure that struck me was a shepherdess, six feet high, with a pair of legs as thick as an Irish chairman, and arms in proportion, with a protuberance of belly that would have done honour to one of the most luxurious *bon vivants* in the kingdom, Recognizing under his pastoral disguise, a gentleman of the largest size, who sat at my right hand at dinner, I went up to him, and shook him by the hand with such heartiness, that his little Arcadian hat fell off and exhibited a bald pate, while he squeaked out, in a feminine key, "Lard! what are you about! How dare you treat one of the fair sex so roughly?" I made an apology for my mistake, and turning to a very diminutive figure, almost lost under the huge cowl of a friar, was asked in the prettiest female voice imaginable, if I was ready to come to confession? Just as I was going to make a reply, a very nimble Harlequin gave me a slap with *her* wooden sword—for I soon found

 her

her to be a brisk girl, who seemed to have as free a use of her legs as of her tongue. My next address was to a demure nun, to all appearance big with twins; and near her stood a mere lath of a Falstaff, his pillows excepted. "'Tis a pity," said the master of the house to the former, "that you had not drawn this lot," pointing to the latter, "you would not have wanted any filling up." A conjurer, advancing to her, asked if he should cast the nativity of her children? "Stay till they are born," said a duenna, with a beard rough enough to frighten little Isaac, "she was once under my care, but eloped—and you see the consequences."

The gentleman who personated the conjuror, supported the character with an infinite fund of wit and humour. A lady who was very handsome, in the character of a magician, asked him, if the extent of his magic was superior to her's: "No," replied the conjuror, "your incantations far excel mine." To a widow in the character of Diana, he observed, "that she was truly in masquerade; for the goddess of the chase was celebrated only for her virginity. A young lady, in the character of a market girl with eggs in a basket, asked him to tell her her fortune; he replied, "a cracked egg and a cracked maid can never be mended."

When near two hours had been spent in this agreeable manner, my friend imagined, from a pretty good guess at the accidental disposal of his tickets, that some of the company would be more at ease without a mask, the signal was therefore given for unmasking. There was a small bustle at first, as some of the ladies were ashamed of the characters they personated: but they were soon reconciled to their dresses, and joined in the mirth which they excited—laughing not a little to see how oddly chance had thrown them into ridiculous situations.

To these characters, I should have added a Fair Rosamond, represented by an elderly man with a sallow complexion, and a gipsy, by the fairest woman in company. A very agreeable married lady danced an admirable minuet in a carter's smock-frock; and a stout squat gentleman had, in consequence of his lot, stretched on the jacket of a wood-nymph over his thick arms, looking ready to burst. A genteel young fellow, in the dress of a Columbine, flew about like lightning, and kicked his heels higher than any woman would venture to do; and by his extreme sprightliness, occasioned a number of very lively remarks.

The conversation of this festive evening was indeed sufficiently entertaining; but the loudest shouts of mirth were occasioned by the uncharacteristic dresses in which the maskers appeared: and the contrast between their dresses and their figures was still more conspicuous, when they were jumping about in cotillions and country-dances. Almost the only person who acted in character in his masquerade habit, and whom I have reserved for the last, was a gentleman who appeared with a *cap* and *bells*. He, though turned of forty, played the fool the whole night—"a fool at forty is a fool indeed!"—with prodigious spirit, and without once deviating into sense was pre-eminently ridiculous.

THE SNIPE.

A BEAUTIFUL variety of the snipe species was, a few days since, shot by W. Thorold, Esq. near Syston Park, Lincolnshire. The body, a clear white; the head, nec-

neck, and throat, closely marked with pale ash-coloured and yellow spots; the breast, a pure white; the back and wings strongly barred with bright buff colour; the tail white; the extremities of the tail feathers of a bright buff: when first shot, the legs and bill were of a lively pink, but have since faded to a pale salmon colour. It is a curious fact, that this elegant bird had frequented the same spot of ground for three successive winters. It was more than once seen in 1802. Mr. Thorold had a very distant shot at it, in 1803; when it could not be marked down, owing to the mistiness of the day. It was this year shot, rising from its favourite spring, in the same close, where it had always before been seen. The bird is now preserved at Syston Park.

Jan. 2, 1805.

CHRISTMAS EPISTLES.

From the Correspondence of Solomon Plane, and his Spouse Eliza Wilhelmina.

MR. EDITOR,

I DON'T see why a poor man may not make his complaints; and I am sure I have cause enough, for, what with the hard times, and my wife's vagaries, I believe I shall run mad.

Here was I, but a little time back, getting on in the world, master of a good business, with two journeymen and a tight lad of a prentice, paying my way, making all ends meet, and pleasing myself with the notion that one day or other I should hold up my head with the best of the trade; and this I verily think would have come to pass, if my Bet had not held it fit and right, and proper, to do as others do, that know how to live, for so she calls cramming a parcel of acquaintances, that she does not care a farthing for, with hot suppers, punch, and even wine, because that's most genteel: she says, it's a shame to hugger-mugger on without making a little figure now and then; that every body gives entertainments, and that one hears of nothing but such a one's dinners, and such a one's parties; and how should people expect to be thought of, if they don't try to rise a little above the low vulgar scum that nobody cares for?—This, and a great deal more stuff, I am dinned with every day, and all brought about by Madam's reading a pack of nonsensical books, shewing how poor folks are all at once made rich by fairies or hobgoblins, and newspapers, in which there is little to be found but histories of eating, drinking, and making merry. In the mean time I and my apprentice are almost starved; for, in order to save for great occasions, we live (if living it can be called) on scraps and cold bits. In short, every thing is turned topsy-turvy, and I am not the man I was a few years back, by many good pounds of flesh. This comes of giving women their way.

Bet was a nice girl when I married her, that's for certain, and so you see she got upper hand at the first set off, and I never durst speak my mind, from that day to this.

THE WIFE'S ANSWER.

MR. EDITOR,

FURST cum furst served; and my grumbling husband having got the start of me, I suppose you won't think a letter of mine worth your notis. However, I would have you no, that being brout up gentelly, and boorded at a purlite scool, I wont turn my back as to riting to nobody, much more such a dunce as Solomon, who nose well enuf how my friends found faut with me for marring him with the fortin I had,

near

near too hunderd pound I can tell you, Sir, and came of a famely that have been used to the *bon tong*; but I believe I was bewitched with his smothe tung, though its ruff enuff now, and his wedeling promisis of how he'd love me, and that I shud be mistress of him, and of every thing; and, after all this, to dare to complane of me, and of my extravigence, and keping company. But who woud kepe his, I wonder, but a parsil of sots club. A pritty feller indede, to dare to give his opinion of grate fokes, and thare waze; as if they shud not no better then a set of drunkin tradsmen. Wat ideers can they have of delicut sencibillety, or the ennergis of a grate mind, that sores biond the comon herd of hannemels little abuve the bruts of the feeld. As to telling the gentery how to lay out thare munny, it is to be hoped they no best thare own affares, and the duce is in it if thay are not charetible enuf, wen thare's no end to subscreptiuns and ospitols, and pour-houses, and all that sort of thing.—As to eting and drinking at Christmus, its bin the custum ever since the world was made; and does he no better then King Solomon in all his glory? No, no, tho' he bares his name, he is but a worme in kumpareson of that wize monurcke, who indulged himself with the best of evry thing.—As to his noshons about Boneparty, thats like all the rest of his trash. Pece indede, a fine story! but he was alwais a mene sneke, or he woud not have thort of such a thing.—Wat can be finer then to se all the trupes marching out with the musik and drums, and exurcicing from morning to nite someware or other. Manny a plesent day have I and Miss Draul spent in watching em and hering the guns, and evry thing looking so chareful, and making holaday almost the weke round.—And wat have we to do but conker wen it cums to the pinch, with such charming bold men as we have got alredy, and wen all our new regimens are razed, whos affrade, as the man sais in the Play? Perils and dangers—a fig for em. And as to Bony, who woud go to give him advis of all fokes, for the more rong he is, and the wors he behaves, the better for us. And wen we have got the upper hand, as my husband sais of me, we can make wat bargain we plese, and he for his part will be glad to make it up with us, and send us presents of some of the fine things that he has got horded up, witch he stole from evry place he has gone to, and all the emperors and queens letting him do wat he plesed, becase thay had not the spirit to say no. He wont find us such milksops; and as to we wemen, weel let him no whos at home, and pack him off with a fle in his ear.—As to a stupid pece, I've no noshon of it, to make us all as dull and as slepy as my dunderhed spous. And for taxis and hard times, its all noncence. I am sure peeple never drest better, nor looked better, nor yet lived better, then thay do now.

And so, Mister Solomon, you may wine out your complants, and cry at our misdemeners as you plese. Its my umor to laff and injoy myself. So I say, a merry Christmus, and happy new year, wich that we may all partake of, is the wish of

Eliza Wilhelmina Plane.

BOXING.

O'DONNELL AND ARNOTT.

ON boxing-day, Dec. 26, a numerous assemblage of the holiday folk were amused by a hard fought battle, in St. Pancras-fields, between

between O'Donnell, a boot-maker, and Arnott, a brick-maker. This fight, if not truly scientific, was one that afforded plenty of diversion to several pugilists and admirers of the art present. At setting to, O'Donnell met his antagonist without ceremony, and by a well directed hit brought him down, before he had well put himself on the defensive. He repeated this several times during the first quarter of an hour, and betts were four and five to one in his favour. The friends of Arnott interfered, and it was mutually agreed on by the combatants to repair to a dry shed, which is five yards square. There was no room for shifting, and O'Donnell, who was before decidedly the favourite, received so many ugly hits about the head, from his rustic opponent, that he was compelled, through loss of blood, to relinquish the contest, after fighting hard for nearly an hour. Arnott was severely cut about the face.

MADDOX AND CRIBB.

NOTWITHSTING the unfavourable state of the weather, on Monday morning, Jan. 7, an unusual number of the amatuers of boxing flocked down to Wood Green, about two miles north of Highgate, to witness a pitched battle between the well-known George Maddox, who is almost in his 50th year, and a young man, of the name of Cribb, about 22, who never before entered the lists. He is employed at Wapping, as a coal-heaver, and is well known among the fraternity by the name of the "The Black Diamond." The second to the Old Man was Tom Jones; and the Black Diamond was seconded by Black Sam. They entered the ring about twelve o'clock, and, on stripping, appearances were much in favour of the youth; he is a well made man, stands about five feet ten inches, and shows a great deal of bone; Maddox is two inches shorter.

The first round consisted more of sparring than fighting, the Diamond struck first, but no damage was done on either side.

The fourth round was well contested, in which Maddox had considerably the advantage, and finished it with closing his antagonist's right eye. Odds in favour of the old man, two to one.

From this to the thirtieth round nothing of consequence happened; each fought as hard as he could, and endeavoured to outdo his antagonist by standing best up; but when this period arrived, the Old Man, finding that his antagonist was a *bottomed* man, and not to be beat by chance of fatigue, used every effort to deprive him of his eye, which he severely hurt in the fortieth round, at which time they had exactly fought one hour. Four to one against the Old Man.

From the fortieth to the fifty-second round there was nothing but hard fighting, and the odds changed but little, until the fifty-third, when the Old Man hit the Black Diamond a severe blow a little below his left eye, which nearly deprived him of his sight altogether. They had now one hour and a half of severe fighting exactly. The battle continued, and every round, until the sixtieth, the Old Man continued to lose ground, when some of his colleagues knocked up another fight at one side of the ring, and his seconds led him off, declaring it to be a drawn battle; the seconds of the Black Diamond demanded the purse, which being refused, a general engagement instantly ensued, in which Caleb Baldwin, Tom Jones, Black Sam, Dutch Sam, and several other

gemmen

gemmen of the fist, took a very active share, and in which some one, treacherously, cut the Black Diamond on the head with a stick.

Order being again restored, the young man demanded, either his prize, or that his antagonist should again come to the combat; this being so fair a proposal, it baffled the ingenuity of the friends of Maddox, and, rather than lose their money, the Old Man again came from a hackney coach, when the battle was renewed, and lasted sixteen rounds more, making in all seventy-six, which were fought in two hours and twelve minutes.

The last sixteen rounds the Old Man fought hard: and about the fourth, some slight hopes were entertained of his winning; but the strength and vigour of youth prevailed. The purse was made up by some gentlemen amatuers, twenty guineas for the winner, and five for the loser. The Black Diamond having only just entered the list, has yet but few friends in it; in consequence of which, he experienced much unfair play; he is an excellent sparrer, but fights rather round.

CAVALLIN AND BURKITT.

MR. EDITOR,

FOR the entertainment of that part of your readers who consider boxing as a *science* worthy of attention, you may insert the few following lines in your next amusing publication, which will greatly oblige one of your constant readers.

This long expected contest between the celebrated Cornish man, Cavallin, and Burkitt, the Cheshire blacksmith, was decided in the wild mountains of Wales, a few miles from Dynasmouthy, in Merionethshire. What brought the heroes of two such distant counties to a trial of their prowess, we cannot tell: the sum fought for, was twenty guineas. The parties had been in training one month. On January 2, it was fixed that the parties should meet; and about two, a ring was formed, and the snow swept from the scene of action.

At stripping, odds were offered largely on Cavallin, who is a very fine made man, about five feet eleven inches. The Cheshire man was ill made, except in his arms and chest, which were prodigious; he is about five feet seven inches.

In the first six rounds, Cavallin appeared to have so completely the advantage, that many of the Cheshire and North Wales farmers trembled at the idea of losing their bets; but it was discovered that Burkitt put on an appearance of being beaten intentionally, in order to induce the Cornish heroe to put out his utmost strength, and to fatigue him. Burkitt fell every round at the beginning, but in the seventeenth round, when those who did not understand his meaning thought him quite exhausted, he rallied, struck a severe blow in the throat, and following it up, threw in his left so forcibly in his antagonist's ribs as to take him nearly off the ground. In the eighteenth, there was much wrestling, but in this Burkitt failed. From this to the twenty-third round, there was much hard hitting; but the twenty-fourth surpassed any thing we ever have seen. While Cavallin was running in with a hard blow, Burkitt getting out of the way, struck him two severe hits, one of which fell on the kidneys; he then closed, and seizing him with both hands by his waist, dashed him on the ground, and fell on him. The succeeding rounds, Burkitt knocked him down every time with ease; and the forty-second round he threw in such a powerful

ful blow on his antagonist's ribs, that he was compelled to yield, finding that the pain of the blow entirely prevented every exertion. Burkitt was very little hurt, except in his face; and immediately after the battle, offered to fight, for 50 guineas, any man of the six western counties, Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorset, Gloucester, Monmouth, and Somerset; the inhabitants of Bath and Bristol excepted. Burkitt was capitally seconded by the Cheshire Williams, whom Burkitt owns his superior.

Since writing this, I have been informed that Burkitt's challenge has been accepted by Evan Price, commonly called the Big Man of Monmouth; and the parties are to fight three months hence. Betts seven to one on Burkitt.

Gentlemen, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with every wish for the success of your works.

A Constant Reader.

LAIRDE ROWLANDE OR RONALDE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following beautiful and pathetic old ballad, I found in my peregrinations through Scotland: I believe I may presume to affirm that it has never yet been published; at least, neither I, nor any of the various literary characters that I have consulted, had ever seen it before last winter but two. I met with it as I was sojourning a short time at the village of Randcallas, in Perthshire. A peasant's girl was singing it to a very simple and very ancient Scotch tune; and so much was I struck with the dreadful ambiguity, the mournful pathos, and solemn simplicity that pervades the ditty, that I immediately requested the girl to dictate to me the words, whilst I copied them.

Ah! where have you been, Lairde Rowlande! my son!
Ah! where have, &c. &c.
I've been in the wild-woods,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

Oh! you've been at your true love's
Lairde Rowlande! my son!
Oh! you've been, &c. &c.
I've been at my true love's,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What got you to dinner, Lairde Rowlande! my son!
What got you, &c. &c.
I got eels boil'd in brue,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What's become of your warden, Lairde Rowlande! my son!
What's become of, &c. &c.
He died in the muirlands,
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

What's become of your stag-hounds,
Lairde Rowlande! my son!
What's become of, &c. &c,
They swelled and they died!
Mither, mak my bed soon,
For I'm weary wi' hunting,
And faine would lie down.

The fable or plot of this seems to be, that Lord Rowland, upon a visit at the castle of his mistress, has been poisoned by the drugged viands at the table of her father, who was averse to her marriage with the lord. Finding himself weary, and conscious that he is poisoned, he returns to his home, and wishes to retire to his chamber without raising in his mother any suspicions of the state of his body and mind. We may see with what short

short and evasive answers he eludes, and what importunate and repeated entreaties he requests his mother to prepare his chamber.

From your warm admirer and frequent correspondent,

PHILODICE.

THE SCHOOL OF REFORM; OR HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

Covent Garden, Jan. 15.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Avondale	Mr. Cooke.
General Tarragan	Mr. Munden.
Ferment	Mr. Lewis.
Frederick	Mr. C. Kemble.
Old Man	Mr. Murray.
Tyke	Mr. Emery.
Mrs. St. Clair	Mrs. Gibbs.
Mrs. Ferment	Mrs. Litchfield.
Julia Tarragan	Miss Brunton.
Mrs. Nicely	Mrs. Davenport.
Shelah	Mrs. St. Leger.

THE following is a sketch of the fable of the drama:—Mr. Radmor privately marries an amiable girl, but of an humble rank in life. He carries her abroad, and being unexpectedly raised to a high station, and the title of Lord Avondale, he becomes disgusted with the low connection which he had made, and shuts her up in a convent, where he is informed she afterwards died. He had one son, Frederick, by this marriage, and him he places under the care of Tyke, a young tenant, a Yorkshire jockey, who squanders his money, and neglects his charge. Frederick, thus neglected and deserted, is placed in "The School of Reform," where he accidentally becomes serviceable to Lord Avondale, without knowing that he is his father; and who, equally ignorant that Frederick is his son, makes him his secretary. The play commences with Lord Avondale's arrival at his family seat, where he has come to be united to the daughter of General Tarragan, who has also arrived from abroad, and has brought with him Mrs. Radmor, who assumes the name of St. Clair, and who, by continental revolutions, has been liberated from the convent where she was confined—she is determined, having the certificate of marriage, letters, and jewels in her possession, to identify her claims, to institute an inquiry respecting her child: and, by a miniature which is sent from Lord Avondale to Miss Tarragan, she discovers that he is Mr. Radmor, her husband; and she determines, secretly, to prevent her husband adding a farther crime to what he has committed, by a second marriage; Tyke, who pursues his bad courses, is brought before Lord Avondale; he recognises him, and he disclaims any knowledge of the child; but says, that by a mark made by gunpowder, he will be enabled to identify him, should they ever meet; Lord Avondale then discovers that Mrs. St. Clair has, by the evidences she possesses, power to ruin his reputation, so determines, at any risk, to obtain possession of them; he sounds Tyke on the subject; but he, having found his father, is affected by sincere contrition, and refuses to become his agent. Lord Avondale, goaded on by the dread of immediate exposure, determines himself to obtain those evidences by force; he disguises himself, and effects his purpose, but is pursued; and Frederick, to save Lord Avondale, whom he ardently loves, assumes the disguise, and is supposed to have taken the stolen property. The marriage is proceeded on between Lord Avondale and Miss Tarragan, when his wife places herself at the entrance of the chapel,

and

and on the door opening, he beholds her demanding her lost son. In the mean time, Tyke has discovered that Frederick is her son, who rushes in; and Lord Avondale, on beholding his wife and child restored, kneels to heaven in gratitude and contrition. The comic incidents are furnished by the agency of Mr. and Mrs. Ferment; the former a scheming half-witted husband, who pays his court to Lord Avondale, and always is discomfitted; the latter a cheerful well-disposed lady, who finds that the only *way to rule a husband* is by *holding her tongue.*

Of these materials the author, Mr. Morton, has composed a most excellent play; equal, if not superior, to any of his dramatic productions, in incident and good writing. It is, however, much too long, and may be rendered much more interesting by a judicious curtailment. Lord Avondale found an able representative in the person of Cooke, for whom the character was evidently designed by the author, and he did it ample justice; and in that of Tyke, a new field is opened for the display of the versatile talents of Mr. Emery, by whose excellent acting, in the second act, and in that in which he discovers his father, the audience were dissolved in tears. Indeed, too much praise cannot be bestowed on all the performers of the *dramatis personæ,* who seemed to vie with each other in giving due interest to the play. The comic incidents fall to the lot of Mr. Lewis.

The prologue was spoken by Mr. Brunton. It is the production of Mr. John Taylor, and does credit to his talents. The epilogue has much merit, and was very well delivered by Mrs. Litchfield. We understand it is written by Mr. Litchfield. The play was given out for a second representation, with bursts of applause.

On the first representation the necessity of curtailment was so obvious, as to induce the author to use the pruning knife with no sparing hand; several passages also, which were evidently objectionable, were altered in the second performance; and thus amended, and aided by the admirable acting of Emery and several of the other performers, who exerted themselves to the utmost, the piece will, no doubt, prove for some time duly attractive.

A FAMILY OF ROSCIUSES!

MR. EDITOR,

I AM a very considerable manufacturer. My house and servants are all mad; and it is but very lately that I got to the foundation of my misery, by finding out how my men all came "to be of one mind in an house;" but I find that whenever any man did not suit them, they made his life uneasy; and so I often left the finding out a fresh one to themselves, when to be sure they always chose one of their own kidney, for want of which I sometimes waited months without a principal hand in my manufactures: thanks to their impudence.

I both read and saw a farce called "The Apprentice;" and indeed it hit my situation so pat, that I really thought the author, whoever he was, meant it at me; but I assure you, his medicine and prescription has not answered, at least to me and mine.

My house then are all tragedians; my maids, who are hired by them for the very same purpose, neglect the house business to appear as Zara's, Monimia's, Belvidera's, Calista's, Portia's, and Desdemona's.

The boards of my best room are all started with the fall of heroes in the hour of death, or the battle of Macbeth and Macduff in the field of Dunsinane. I am positive, and why? My wife unhappily likes these proceedings, and I have nobody to thank but myself for it—having once unluckily forbid her going to plays; which ordinance I wish I could recal, for now she would not go if I bid her and gave her money, as she says "they perform them better at home."

"Where's Atkinson?" says I the other day, who is a clever fellow, and my foreman, "bid him come to me." "Sir," says the maid, "I am sure he can't; for he plays Othello to night, and his face is already blacked."

"Well," says I, "patience! patience! but send Molly to me to make some tea; I am quite feverish." "Molly, Sir, does Desdemona, as Betty is not well; and her head is so well dressed by my mistress's own hands, that she would be ashamed to come down now. Besides, the warehouse, I mean the theatre, is quite full of company, and the first music is over."—Pretty music this! to my ears at least. My daughters are all taught already to wear inexpressibles; and my sons are already arrived at the honour of characters, though dumb ones; for they are senators in Othello, slaves in Oroonoko, thieves in the Beggar's Opera, and Dominican, or other friars in Juliet's procession: this is kindly contrived by my wife, who says, in time they will speak tragedy well, they being under a good *tutorer*, as she calls him; and that they ought to be *manured* to an audience afore they begin to speak, least it should damp their first essays on the stage; for that Cooke, or even your Young Roscius, are fools, compared to her son Bobby. BENEDICT.

ENORMOUS CHARACTER OF A PROFESSED GAMESTER.

SIR,

THOUGH I am well aware that the subject of the present letter has no direct reference to sporting, yet so perfectly am I convinced of the always excellent intentions of the conductors of the work I have now the honour to address, that I flatter myself they will not reject any thing which may unite, harmoniously, the *utile* and the *dulce*; and, by this means, confer, not only pleasure, but no inconsiderable share of profit also on the reader, inasmuch as it tends towards the promotion of virtue, and shews itself inimical to the cause of vice.

Such sentiments have induced me to send the following cursory thoughts to you, and I am vain enough to hope they may merit the favour of insertion.

There are not many vices which present themselves in more alluring colours to the unwary mind than gaming; and, if once this intoxicating pleasure is ever, even in the smallest degree, yielded to, and gains the least ascendency over our judgment, the effect is terrible; further encroachments are rapidly made, and in vain will reason be then opposed to its influence, when once we have suffered passion to triumph over her. If gaming has usurped the government of the soul, soon will every idea of virtue, of modesty, and decorum fly it; every other consideration is swallowed up in the gratification of our fatal desire for play. It were almost needless to search the chequered page of history, for examples of the horrid misery which has been the consequence of this direful habit, so many does every day, every hour present, before our own eyes; had it not been for this, the once gay, light-hearted Hilario, need not have

exchanged

Prospero Beating A. B. and Sir Charles at Nottingham, 1804.

Pub. Feb. 1 1806. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

exchanged the comforts of domestic life for the gloomy horrors of a jail; nor the formerly happy Antonio been obliged to quit the confines of his native land, and seek in distant climes, an asylum from the harrassing pursuit of his impatient creditors; and had not Lucio yielded to the infatuating call of gaming, he still might have lived an honour to his country, and a source of happiness to every friend around him, instead of lying, as he now does, rendered by suicide a ghastly corpse.—Let the professed gamester reflect for a moment how high a stake he is risking at this pursuit, too often, if he is unfortunate, the loss of his whole fortune, his reputation, is the consequence; this necessarily involves his family in utter ruin and destruction; and at last, unable to bear the reflection of his crime, and of the miseries into which he has plunged his family, he is spurred on, by the horrors of his conscience, to the commission of an infinitely greater crime—of closing, with his own self-destroying hand, the scene of his existence!!—On the other hand, supposing the fickle goddess favour our adventurer, what kind of a fortune does he gain? why, such a one as the man of honour or virtue would be ashamed to make use of, and every guinea of which must reflect disgrace and infamy upon its possessor, though gained at the risk of every thing worthy the consideration of a man. So well were the French monarchs aware of the pernicious effects of play, that they forbid it on the most rigorous penalties throughout their dominions. We find, in 1691, Louis XIV. issuing an order that no one should engage at Faro, Basset, &c. on any consideration; every offender was fined 1000 livres, and the person at whose house any such game was suffered, incurred the penalty of 6000 livres for each offence. The persons who played were also to be imprisoned for six months. Some years after, the same prince published a still severer edict, by which he forbade, on pain of death, any playing in the French cavalry, and sentenced every commanding officer or governor who should presume to set up a hazard table to be broken, and all concerned to be immediately and rigorously imprisoned. Who is ignorant of the method which the celebrated Sully took to reform Henry IV. who was much addicted to gaming? This prince having once lost an immense sum of money at play, Sully let the king send to him for it several times; at last, however, bringing it, he spread it all before him upon the table. Henry fixed his eyes upon the vast sum—said to have been enough to have bought Amiens from the Spaniards—and at last cried out to Sully, "I am corrected, I will never again lose my money at gaming while I live." I can with difficulty force myself to lay down my pen while engaged on so interesting a subject; should this meet with approbation, I may some time resume it. I am, &c.

PHILOS.

PROSPERO BEATING A. B. AND SIR CHARLES.

Nottingham, 1804—3 Years old Plate.

An Engraving from a Drawing taken on the Spot by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

THE design, from which this engraving is taken, of Sir Charles Bunbury's colt Prospero beating A. B. and Sir Charles, at Nottingham, is by Mr. Clifton Tomson, horse-painter, &c. of that place. For the particulars of this race, we must refer to our Racing Calendar for September, 1804.—Vol. XXIV.

THE

THE SHOOTING DIRECTORY;

By R. B. Thornhill, Esq.

AS a specimen of the stile, manner, and professional skill of Mr. T. as a sportsman, we have extracted the following observations of this ingenious author upon the pointer.

"The gentleness, docility, and even the timidity of the pointer, are the most convincing proofs of the great perfection it has acquired, by the careful education bestowed on it by men.

"M. de Buffon considers the shepherd's dog to be the origin of all dogs, as he asserts, he is naturally the most sensible of all the dog kind; from this assertion, are we confident that the pointer comes from the shepherd's dog? The only circumstances that give us any justifiable reason for supposing this to be true, is, that there is a very remarkable singularity in the feet of the shepherd's dog, which may be also seen frequently in pointers, setters, and spaniels; this singularity is called by many a *duclaw**, some have a single, and others, double duclaws, though they seem not to be of any use; they appear to be destitute of muscles, and hang dangling at the hind part of the leg more like an unnatural excrescence than a necessary part of the animal. When these appear on pointers, or any sporting dogs, they are generally taken off when puppies; however, it should not generally be adopted; for the adage, that "Nature has made nothing in vain," ought to correct our decision on their utility, which probably may exist, though unknown to us. Some sportsmen find fault with these duclaws becoming sore, if the dog be severely hunted, which causes him to be lame.

"Of pointers there are two kinds, the English and the Spanish; their great utility and excellence for shooting partridges, moor, or heath game, make them worthy of our regard. There are at the present day a great variety of both these kinds, with respect to size, shape, and colour; some are good and others bad of each sort, so that it is not to be wondered at, that there should exist so many different opinions concerning them. The pointer mostly approved of, is neither large nor small, but between both, well made, active, light, and strong; this is the dog that will bear a vast deal of hunting: a small one, although he may be ever so good in his kind, can be but of little service in hunting; particularly in long stiff stubbles, a strong piece of turnips, or deep and heavy mountains, where the heath is strong and long, and deep ruts are constantly met with; and the feet of a large heavy dog will be soon tired, by his own weight. With respect to the Spanish pointer, he is of foreign origin, as his name seems to imply, but is now naturalized in this country, which has long been famous for dogs of this description; the greatest attention being paid to preserve the breed by many sportsmen, and those who have paid due attention to it, have been recompenced, by preserving the breed in the utmost purity. This dog is remarkable for the aptness and facility with which it receives instruction: indeed it may be said to be self-taught. The English pointer on the contrary, is very difficult to be broke in, the greatest attention being necessary to complete his education. A cross between these, produces capital dogs, which are much esteemed for

* By some called water-claw.

their

their goodness. The Spanish pointer cannot undergo the fatigues of an extensive range, nor is he so durable and hardy as the English. There are few parts of the world where there are so great a variety, or so many good sporting dogs as in Great Britain, as they are brought to that perfection which is hardly to be described. Respecting the colour of pointers, as before observed, a great deal depends entirely on fancy, but that most esteemed, is the liver and white, although there are as good dogs of every other colour; indeed, there is hardly a colour but some reason may be assigned for its being either good or bad. A white dog is to be preferred on two accounts: the first is, being all white, he is void of any thing phlegmatic in his constitution, which does not hinder him from retaining the lesson he has been taught, and prevent his being obedient; besides, he has always a good nose. Secondly, in grouse shooting, he can be discerned at any distance, whereas a brown one cannot: a white pointer, if good, is a treasure to a keen sportsman. Pointers of a lemon, or setters of a red, or chesnut colours, are always the most difficult to be brought to obedience, by reason of the bilious humour which prevails in them, and which causes this irregularity. The white pointer is full of stratagems and cunning, and is not so easily tired as dogs of the lemon colour, which are very giddy and impatient; as choler is the most predominant humour in them, it, in some measure, accounts for their being so; they are very uneasy under correction, and are certainly more subject to diseases than any other dogs. Pointers of a brown colour are generally good ones; but one great objection to this colour is, they are difficult to be seen on a mountain, and are sometimes lost, which gives the sportsman a vast deal of trouble before he can discover them; but let any sportsman be asked if he has not remarked, that a brown-coloured dog will bring him closer to game than any other, by reason that they are not so easily perceived by the birds or game, as one of a white or any other colour. The compiler, from many years experience, is confident a sportsman will get more shots with a brown dog, than one of any other colour, and has found him to be very useful when birds become shy, and the season is far advanced.

" With respect to wild unthinking sportsmen, and very fleet unsteady pointers, Mr. Taplin, in his Sporting Dictionary, very deservedly censures these wild gunners; he says, " The impatient volatility of some men, probably prompted them to indulge a design of introducing a breed of pointers, with speed sufficient to outstrip the rapidity of their own imaginations, that they might enjoy the unprecedented and supreme felicity of *hunting and shooting* at the same time."

" Let it be always remembered, that the sportsman who breaks his own pointers and setters, is rewarded well for his trouble, as he will have a decided superiority in the field over the sportsmen that do not.

" When you have made choice of a young pointer, that in every respect answers to what I have before described, it will be necessary to begin to teach, or break him in, at the age of from nine to twelve months. A young pointer should not be broken in too early, for fear of his being chest-foundered, a circumstance that commonly follows, when dogs are broken in too young, He should be first taught to crouch, and lie down at command, and not dare to stir from that position until he

he is ordered; he will soon be brought to this by gentle correction when he disobeys; and he should be always rewarded when he does right: continue, if you can, always to give him his lesson before feeding time, and never feed him but when he deserves it; this will always teach him to do well for the sake of his victuals; you should not allow any person to interfere with you in breaking your own dog, for two masters breed a confusion; always be careful to use the same words in your lessons, and select those that are most plain in their sound, and most distinct from one another, which do not alter on any account; for your dog being guided wholly by the sound, and not at all by the sense, any alteration in them, though the change be into words of the same meaning, will confound him. The words *down and close*, are short and expressive; and none other need be made use of when he is ordered to crouch. The sound, or word of correction, is next to be taught him; for it seldom happens, when you give him his lessons, but that you will find faults committed, and none should you allow to escape without correction; in this case, the word *sirrah*, spoke sharp and with anger, will be always understood by him; words of encouragement must be also taught him, such as *good boy*, or the like, at the same time he should be clapped on the back; you must also teach him words of advice, such as *take heed*, which will put him in mind of his business, put him on his guard, and make him diligent; he will also by this treatment become useful and cunning, and at the same time, cheerful and pleasant within himself; knowing that he is doing his master a pleasure. Always allow a young pointer, or indeed any young dog, his liberty; if he is kept confined, he will get out at the elbows, weak, and bandy; it will be proper to allow him to follow when you walk out. After you have brought him under proper subjection, you ought, by all means, to take him out with an old staunch dog; but do not allow him, at this time, to hunt too severely; the old one will give him a notion of beating and ranging his ground, and when you are at leisure, teach him to crouch to a piece of bread, or any thing else, to bring him under command; or when he is feeding, stop him, and do not allow him to touch his mess until you direct him to do so; when you think he has waited long enough, speak kindly to him, and encourage him; if he does not obey, speak roughly to him, and check him; use him always to obey your whistle, or the motion of your hand, in preference to your voice; for the more silent you are in the field, at all times, the better; feed him always yourself, and constantly after his lessons, which will seem to him a reward, will endear you to him, and make him fond of you; but never overfeed him.

Whenever you take him out, put some string round his neck, which will, in some measure, bring him to bear the chain and couples; never suffer him to go too far from you, allow him to go a little before, making him always come behind you, or close to your heels, at the words *back*, *heel*, or *hem*: train him thus, until, by continual lessons, his attention is always on you, to know what he is to do.

It is most adviseable that a pistol, or gun, should frequently be fired over him, in order to make him know the shot; for many young dogs, on the report of a gun, are so alarmed, that they run away; and with the greatest difficulty only, after a length of time, are brought to be reconciled to it. For, by this method, you will make him steady on

on the shot, particularly, if when you fire, you make him lie down close, calling to him, *down, shot, and load,* and enforcing obedience; for it is certain, every Sportsman will allow, that a pointer who breaks away at shot, is not worth feeding; for he not only spoils your sport, but also ruins your other dogs, and teaches them bad habits.

A circumstance of considerable importance to every sportsman, generally occurs at the period of breaking in young dogs, which is, that of killing and hunting sheep and fowls; the most effectual mode of breaking a dog liable to these practices, will be in the former instance, by coupling the dog to a stout ram, and to flog him well, till he cries out, which will alarm the ram so as to make him run off and drag the dog after him, and probably by this rough usage, may entice the dog to bite him, in order to extricate himself; the ram on this, will make use of violent efforts, and will commence by butting him severely with his horns, which will terrify the dog, and most likely deter him from ever even looking at sheep in future. Respecting the breaking them of killing fowl, the following method will be found the best: take a cleft stick, at one end of it, tie a live fowl, and put the dog's tail in the cleft at the other; be sure to tie his tail in it very tight, so as to cause him some pain, and as you let him go, give him three or four smacks of the whip, and he will not fail to run off, by reason of the pain produced by the tightness of the cord, and conceiving it is caused by the fowl; when he gets tired he will stop, then untying the stick from his tail, beat him well about the head with the fowl once or twice; this you may be certain will be sufficient to prevent his ever touching a fowl. The great injury a dog receives by being allowed to kill fowl, is, that it commonly makes him hard mouthed, and apt to *break* his game.

(To be continued.)

REGIMENTAL PACK OF HOUNDS, *&c. &c.*

A SUBJECT has been brought forward in the public prints, and to magisterial investigation, which we are sure will excite much conversation, and particularly in that part of the country in which the cause originated. Certain proceedings lately took place at Guildford in Surry, for protecting the game on the manors and other landed property, within 10 miles of that place.—The first intimation was, by the publication of the following advertisements:—

"Guildford Bench Club, Dec. 22, 1804.—It having been proposed to for man Association, for the purpose of mutually protecting the game, on the manors and landed property, within ten miles of Guildford, against poachers and other trespassers thereon;

"*Resolved*—That a meeting be held on Saturday, the 5th of January next, at two o'clock, at the White Hart, in Guildford, to consider of the means of carrying this purpose into effect, and that the noblemen, gentlemen, and yeomanry within the said district, be invited to attend at such meeting.

"*Resolved*—That the above resolution be inserted in the County Chronicle. J. Martyn, Secretary."

The next public communication, was the advertisement annexed:—

"At a meeting of the noblemen, gentlmen, and yeomen, proprietors or occupiers of manors or lands within fifteen miles of Guildford, in the county of Surry; held at the

White Hart Inn, in Guildford, the fifth day of January, one thousand eight hundred and five.

GEORGE HOLME SUMNER, ESQ. in the chair.

"*Resolved*—That an association be formed, for the purpose of mutually protecting the manors and properties of subscribers to the same, against poachers and other trespassers on such properties, for the destruction of game.

"That the undersigned do agree to subscribe the sums respectively set against their several names, for the purpose of prosecuting poachers, receivers, and carriers of game, and also trespassers in pursuit thereof, and do deposit L.20. per cent. in part of such subscriptions.

"That the subscription shall not be less than five guineas.

"That a committee be appointed, to consider of such regulations as may be necessary for the purpose of carrying the above objects into effect; and that such committee do consist of the following subscribers; three of whom shall be competent to act in all cases relative to this Association; viz.

The Right Honourable Lord King.
The Honourable Arthur George Onslow.
George Holme Sumner, Esq.
John Webbe Weston, Esq.
Colonel Gooch.
Samuel Thornton, Esq.
The Rev. Samuel Man Godschal.
George Barrett, Esq.
James More Molyneux, Esq.
Mr. Morris Birkbeck.
Thomas Page, Esq.
Captain Pierrepont.
John Peyto Shrubb, Esq.

"That Messrs. William Haydon and Son, of Guildford aforesaid, be appointed treasurers; and Mr. John Smallpeice, also of Guildford aforesaid, clerk of this Association.

G. Holme Sumner, chairman.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

His Royal Highness the D. of York	10	10
Rt. Hon. Ld. Onslow	10	10
Rt. Hon. Ld. King	10	10
Hon. A. G. Onslow	10	10
S. Thornton, Esq	10	10
J. W. Weston, Esq.	10	10
James Lawrell, Esq	10	10
J. M. Molyneux, Esq	10	10
Wm. Currie, Esq.	10	10
Sir F. Evelyn, Bart	10	10
Thomas Page, Esq	10	10
G. H. Sumner, Esq	10	10
Colonel Gooch	10	10
Captain Pierrepont	5	5
Rev. S. Man Godschall	10	10
Rev. G. Walton Onslow	10	10
J. P. Shrubb, Esq	5	5
Mr. Richard Eager	5	5
Mr. Gabriel Ryde	5	5
Mr. Richard Sparkes	5	5
Mr. George Chandler	5	5
Mr. John Butcher	5	5
Mr. M. Birkbeck	5	5
Geo. Barrett, Esq	5	5
William Haydon, Esq	5	5
Messrs. George and Job Smallpeice	5	5
John Martyr, Esq	5	5

"N.B. Subscriptions will continue to be received by Messrs. Haydon and Son, treasurers to the said Association for furthering the above purposes, and where the subscription paper is left for the signature of such persons as may be desirous of becoming members of this Association."

After the appearance of the above report of these proceedings in the public prints—the following paragraph, as an article of intelligence, was inserted in the County Chronicle, of the 22d of January—

"A petty session was lately held at the town hall, in Guildford, Surry, which was attended by more gentlemen of property and respectability, than we ever remember to have seen assembled on such an occasion,

occasion, in consequence of complaints having been preferred against certain officers of the 14th regiment of light dragoons, now quartered at Guildford, for shooting, and hunting with a pack of harriers belonging to the officers of that regiment, over the properties of gentlemen in that neighbourhood, and not producing their certificates, and refusing to give their names when in pursuit of game, having been duly required so to do. The charge having been fully proved against two of the officers, they were convicted in the full penalty of the law, which, in consideration of the more moderate conduct of one of the gentlemen, was mitigated to him. A good deal of explanation took place between the lieut. colonel commanding the regiment, and the magistrates on the bench; in which the lieutenant colonel avowed, that he had countenanced the establishment of a regimental pack of hounds, for the purpose of diverting the officers from their favourite, and, as he conceived, more offensive, pursuit of shooting; from the gratification of which, he had been involved in so much trouble and dispute with proprietors of lands neighbouring the two last quarters, he had quitted. The lieutenant colonel's reasoning on this point did not appear very satisfactory to the court, particularly as the experiment seemed to have so entirely failed in producing the object proposed: and the chairman, after advising the discontinuance of the trespasses so much complained of, either with hounds or guns, took occasion to call the attention of the lieutenant colonel and the regiment—every officer of which were said to be present—to the persons who composed the court; among whom he would see the representatives of Lord Onslow, Lord King, Sir Fred. Evelyn, and of almost every proprietor of land within ten miles of Guildford; whose sentiments he was sure he spoke, when he told the lieutenant colonel that they were unanimously resolved to submit to no trespass or intrusion of the nature that had been practised, from which the law would protect them; and if any similar were again attempted, they were determined to enforce the utmost rigour of the statutes against the offenders, whatever might be their rank or situation in life."

This article disclosing the chief object of the Association, we shall subjoin a few words to put the case in a fair and honourable point of view, between the officers and the owners of manors, &c. in the neighbourhood of Guildford. On the part of the latter, they certainly have the strong arm of the law in their favour, as the following clause in the Mutiny Act expresses—

44 *Geo.* III. *cap.* 19. § 63.

" And, for the better preservation of the game in or near such place where any officers or soldiers shall at any time be quartered, be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if, from and after the said twenty-fourth day of March, one thousand eight hundred and four, any officer or soldier shall, without leave of the lord of the manor, under his hand and seal first had and obtained, take, kill, or destroy any hare, coney, pheasant, partridge, pigion, or any other sort of fowls, poultry, or fish, or his Majesty's game, within the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and upon complaint thereof, shall be, upon oath of one or more credible witness or witnesses, convicted before any justice or justices of the peace, who is and are hereby impowered and authorized to hear and determine the same; that is to say, every officer so offending shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of

of five pounds, to be distributed among the poor of the place where such offence shall be committed; and every officer commanding in chief upon the place, for every such offence committed by any soldier under his command, shall forfeit the sum of twenty shillings, to be paid and distributed in manner aforesaid: and if, upon conviction made by the justices of the peace, and demand thereof also made by the constable or overseers of the poor, such officers shall refuse or neglect, and not within two days, pay the said respective penalties, such officer so refusing or neglecting shall forfeit, and he is hereby declared to have forfeited his commission, and his commission is hereby declared to be null and void."

With respect to the military character, our sentiments and wishes go with those of Mr. Cumberland, in his excellent comedy of the "Wheel of Fortune."

"*Henry*. If books do not serve for a resource, and ancient history is too remote, we can find heroes in modern times; and you shall fight over your battles as often as you please.

"*Temp*. That is very pleasant, I confess, for there I can come on a little; but then I grow warm with the subject, and Emily snubs me for swearing; which you know, Mr. Penruddock, every soldier is privileged to do.

Penrud. "I did not know it was amongst their privileges; but this I know, they cannot, in my opinion, have too many; and heartily I wish they had more and better than what you have named."

As to the point or policy of the distinction, whether the officers of a regiment should individually shoot, or collectively keep a pack of hounds for their amusement? we most decidedly think that a greater outrage could not be offered to the neighbourhood of regimental quarters, than by the adoption of hounds. An officer may, upon application, receive permission to shoot, and restrict himself to the manor on which he has leave (in that way) to sport; but what is to restrain hounds from pursuing their game? and go where they may the huntsman must follow, even into the pleasure-grounds and gardens of some lord of a manor, who gave no permission for hunting, nor ever expected to be assailed by such violent noisy intruders. Besides, as these military gentlemen are many of them of respectable and honourable families, will they, or can they bring from any of their relatives, proprietors of estates in other parts of the country, a certificate that they (their relatives) would permit a regimental pack, as it is called, to sport on their manors? Certainly not; and therefore an indulgence their own friends would not grant, ought not to be expected from others.

We shall only add one remark, which is, that having no private communication on the subject, it strikes us that the gentlemen of the Bench Club at Guildford, have acted in the most honourable and constitutional way: they have resorted, with moderation and candour, to the laws of the country; and to punish a violation of those laws, of which they had just and reasonable cause to complain.

Recent habits have brought the practice of making application to the Commander-in-chief, in petty disputes where officers are concerned; but the Guildford Club, it appears, pursued the straight line of legal investigation. We do not hear that they applied for the interdiction of the Commander-in-chief, a practice more frequent than necessary, in our humble opinion; there will always

always be cases that require such application, but to make it in trivial matters is degrading to the military character, and depriving gentlemen, merely because they are soldiers, of their birthright as Englishmen.

CANTERBURY RACES.

A Sporting Trial in the Court of Common Pleas, Jan. 26, 1805.

EMDEN *v.* BAKER AND HODGES.

THIS was an action brought against the defendants, who were stewards at the Canterbury races in 1803, to recover the sum of L.50. the value of a plate then run for, and which they refused to give to the plaintiff, alleging, that his mare was not entitled to run, she having won a plate at Tunbridge in the same year, which was contrary to the rules of the race.

Serjeant Cockel, on the part of the Plaintiff, stated, that the defendants were appointed stewards, for the purpose of regulating and deciding all differences which might arise at the races which were held at Canterbury. It appeared, in the public papers, that there was a piece of plate to be run for, by a certain description of horses. Mr. Emden, seeing this, went down there, with his little mare, called Gipsey, and having paid the fees, she was duly entered, and every necessary form gone through to entitle him to run her. Five horses started the first heat, but Gipsey led them all, and arrived first at the post. The next to her was a horse called Gift, and the next to him a colt got by Pegasus; the other two were distanced both by Gipsey and Gift, but the Pegasus colt was only distanced by Gipsey, being within a very short distance of the second horse, Gift. When they were preparing for the second heat, the objection was started that Gipsey had won a plate of L.50. at the Tunbridge races in the same year, and therefore was not qualified to run; but, notwithstanding this objection, the groom was weighed, and Gipsey ran the second heat with Gift, and was again victorious. The learned serjeant concluded by saying, that a still stronger point in his favour was, that the Pegasus colt, distanced by Gipsey, did not, nor would not be allowed to run the second heat, though, if it had been the received opinion, that Gipsey was disqualified, then the colt would have run, and had a right to insist on running, as he had not been distanced by the second horse, Gift.

Henry Crozier deposed, that he was clerk of the course at Canterbury in 1803, and that there was a plate run for by Gipsey, Gift, the Pegasus colt, and two others. In the first heat, three of them were distanced, and in the first and second Gipsey was before Gift.

On his cross-examination, he said, that after the first heat, he had heard it objected by the stewards, that Gipsey had won a plate at Tunbridge, but that they having gone away from the scales, the groom was weighed, and Gipsey won the second heat. He also said, he had heard Mr. Emden acknowledge, that he had won a plate at Tunbridge, which was advertised as worth L.50. but that it was not worth L.20.

Upon this evidence, Serjeant Best contended, that the plaintiff should be non-suited, as it was a condition at the Canterbury races, that no horse should run, who had, in the same year, won any plate to the value of L.20.

The court was of opinion, that the plaintiff should be non suited.

UNFOR-

UNFORTUNATE SKAITERS.

SUNDAY morning the 13th instant, some hundreds of skaiters repaired to the Serpentine river, in hopes of finding it sufficiently frozen to enable them, without danger, to enjoy their favourite amusement. On examining the ice the general opinion was, that it was by no means safe to venture upon it. At three o'clock, however, about twenty persons were daring enough to make a trial, and for some time skaited without any accident befalling them; this encouraged others, and about four o'clock, at least fifty persons were on the ice, when it gave way nearly at the same time in two different places. One person was immersed in the water, not far from the boat-house, on the north side of the river, who, after a hard struggle, succeeded in reaching the shore. At another place, on the south side, opposite the barracks, two youths were plunged over head in the water; one of them was so fortunate as to get his head above the ice, and to be able to reach his arms upon it, so that it supported him; but such was his critical situation that he dared not make the least struggle for his further deliverance, lest he should break the ice a second time, and accelerate his destruction. Some of the guards viewing his perilous situation, procured a ladder, to which they tied a rope, and this they shoved along the ice, till within the reach of the young man, who was so benumbed with the cold, that it was with great difficulty he could place himself upon it; which at length having done, he was dragged on shore over the ice, without suffering any other injury than what might be expected from the cold.—The fate of his companion was less fortunate; he had never been seen since his first disappearing in the water, and the time that had now elapsed was nearly half an hour, and no doubt was entertained of his having got under the ice. A boat, however, was brought round with all expedition, from the boat-house—which was done by keeping it close in-shore, where no ice appeared—and when opposite to the place where the unfortunate youth was supposed to be, the soldiers broke the ice all the way to it, and there found him a lifeless corpse. He appeared to be about twenty-two years of age, and, from his manner of dress, was supposed to be a mechanic. The body was taken immediately, to the receiving-house, and every means prescribed by the Humane Society was tried. A physician was sent for, but the young man was gone beyond the reach of human aid.

CHAMBERS *v.* CAULFIELD.

A Crim. Con. Cause revived in the Court of King's Bench.

FRIDAY, JAN. 25.

MR. DALLAS moved for a rule to shew cause why there should not be a new trial in this case. This was an action for *crim. con.* which was tried at Westminster, the sittings after last term, of which we gave a full report in our Magazine for December last. The plaintiff obtained a verdict of 2,000l. damages.

The learned counsel moved upon two grounds. The first was, that, in point of law, the verdict should have been for the defendant, and the next, that the damages were excessive. He observed, that Mr. Erskine, for the plaintiff, had proved his case, by giving in evidence, circumstances of adultery having taken place in the month of August, 1799.

A deed

A deed had been entered into between the parties, which gave the wife a privilege of separating from her husband, and, in pursuance of it, she did separate from him, and they had lived separate and apart for some time previous to the act of adultery proved: to support this, he cited a case in the Term Reports, of Weedon v. Timbrell, where it was held, that after such separation as appeared in this case, no action for criminal conversation could be maintained. On the second point, of excessive damages, he observed, that the acquaintance of the defendant with the family of the plaintiff commenced only six months previous to the time the act was charged; and that the plaintiff, by cruel and brutal treatment of his wife, has disgraced himself; and, therefore, he contended, that, upon these grounds, if the damages were not merely nominal, at the least, they ought to be extremely small.

Lord Ellenborough—"You will be so good, in arguing this case, to consider the grounds on which Weedon and Timbrell was decided, but most particularly as to this point, whether a deed of separation can preclude the husband from bringing an action, in case the person of his wife should be violated? I wish this point to be argued to its foundation. Take a rule to shew cause."

QUALIFICATION TO KILL GAME.

Court of King's Bench, January 23, 1805.

MR. ABBOTT moved for a writ of *certiorari*, to remove a conviction of justices against a gentleman for a penalty on the game laws, he not being qualified, as the conviction stated. He said, that the object of removing this conviction, was to stir the question, whether a person who was of a superior station to an esquire, had a right to kill game? although he had no landed estate—because an esquire had. This gentleman was of a station superior to that of an esquire, being a major-general in the army.

After a good deal of discussion, the Court held, that the law, as laid down in Jones and Smart, and in other cases, ought not to be disturbed, which was, that the eldest son and heir-apparent of an esquire is qualified to kill game; but that the esquire himself, or any other person is not so, unless he has L.100 a-year estate in land; and therefore the motion was refused.

COCKING.

ON Wednesday, January 16, a main of cocks was fought at the Green Dragon Inn, Newport, Isle of Wight, between Pedder and Matthews, when, by the superior feeding of the former, five battles were won out of six. Matthews's cocks were supposed to be of the first rate, but it was remarked by the best judges present, that they came to pit in a weak state. Many of the respectable farmers of the island were present, and after the diversion, several good songs were introduced. In this extraordinary contest, it is to be remarked, that the third battle—lost—would most certainly have been won by Pedder, but fighting by candle light against a light coloured cock, was the only reason that his losing it can be attributed to—his peculiar mode of feeding being in this, as well as in every other battle, clearly discernible.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED by Miss Bell H——y's elopement from Oxford with her Footman, at the time a gentleman, called by the wits of the university Dr. Toe, from his peculiar manner of walking, was paying his addresses to her—

'Twixt Footman John and Dr. Toe,
A rivalship befel,
For which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the *Belle*:

The Footman gain'd the lady's heart—
And who can blame her?—No man:
The *whole* prevail'd against *its part*,
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

A BARBER at Portsea, has the following curious inscription over his door:—"Chins operated upon without laceration or incision, by Simon Fraser, Shaver to the Philanthropic Society."

AN Irish Almanack for next year makes Trinity Term begin on the 1st of June, and end on the 20th of May!——Michaelmas Term is to commence on the 6th of November, and end on 28th of October.

MADAME FRERE, the wife of the Marshal of the French Empire, declared that the coronation of Bonaparte was a "dirty business," and that she would "wash her hands out of it."——Madam Frere is a *clearstarcher*.

A FRENCH gentleman being in a tavern, called for a gill of wine, which being brought in a glass, he observed, that the quantity was very small, and that in France it was always the custom to bring liquor in a *measure*. "It may be so," said the landlord, "but we do not wish to introduce *French measures* here."

POOR ROBIN, among his other "wise laws," at the conclusion of his calander for 1805, makes the following sage remark—

"Another year is pass'd away—
"Look back; alas! 'tis *but a day*."

To which he adds the following exhortation to *good living*—

"So eat and drink, and make good cheer'
"For Christmas comes but once a-year."

AMONG the late numerous arrivals at Bath are Mrs. Hare and Mr. Courser. They both put up at the Greyhound.

THE bad quality of the Irish *silver*, says one of the London papers, is not surprising, when it is considered that half of it is *brass, old iron*, and *other metals*.

EXTRACT from an advertisement in a provincial paper—

"Wanted immediately a journeyman in the *grocery* business to make *candles*.

BONAPARTE going to his coronation with eight Hanoverian horses, stolen from the King, verifies the Yorkshire proverb—"That it is safer for some men to steal a horse, than for others to look over the hedge.

A NEW gallows was set up a few days ago in Newgate Street, the appearances of which are very favourably spoken of; though no person could be prevailed upon to give it a *fair trial*.

ONE

One of the kings of Spain deputed a very young man as an ambassador to the court of Rome. His holiness, upon the ambassador's introduction, was highly offended, and asked him, whether the king of Spain could not have found an elderly man in his extensive dominions to depute as ambassador, rather than send a beardless boy?—"Holy father," answered the ambassador; "had the king, my master, had any conception that so much merit consisted in a *beard*, he would have sent a *goat* to wait on your holiness, instead of *me*.

The following *Jeu d'Esprits* on late musical festivities, &c. at the upper and lower rooms Bath, have been, and still continue to be, the cause of much mirth to the votaries of the *beau monde* at that place:—

Two musical parties to Bladud belong,
To delight the old rooms and the upper;
One gives to the ladies a supper—no song,
The other a song and no supper.

The ladies complain,
Of the musical strain,
At the old rooms, but not at the upper;
At the new one is found,
The sweet concords of sound,
At the old, you but pay for a supper.

Which of the two parties, in their arrangements to please their visitors, were in the right, the following lines, perhaps, may in some measure serve to exemplify:

Orpheus, we're told,
By the poets of old,
Could play on his harp such sweet ditty,
That the stones of themselves
Danc'd a galliard at once,
And settled in form of a city.

But ye musical Sirs,
Not one of us stirs,
Though your Handel's you play, and Correlli's;
If you'd please, you must treat
With much wine and much meat,
And so touch our hearts through our bellies."

Humorous Specimen of Orthography.—A countryman, musing on a taxed cart standing at the back of one of the inns in a town in Suffolk, read it literally thus:—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart." The real designation was—"Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart."

An honest fellow, in a village in Norfolk, lately presented himself at church, with a young woman, for the connubial blessing; when, lo! upon the inspection of the licence, instead of the necessary instrument to enable the clergyman to perform the ceremony of marriage, it appeared to be "from W. Stokes, Esq. clerk of the peace, *to kill game!*

AN ACROSTIC.

B en toil'd for years against the tide,
I n silent wish to mend his fare;
S ince Labour all his wants denied,
H ope gave poor Ben a *lott'ry share.*

BADINAGE.

"The silly world think, my lord, that we are a very *fond couple*—ha! ha! ha!"—"And that your ladyship's *bloom* is *natural*—ha! ha! ha!"—"And that your lordship is a *wit*—ha! ha! ha!"—"By retailing, my lady, your second hand *bon mots*—ha! ha! ha!"—*cætera desunt.*

LINES ON MR. FOOT, THE SNUFF MANUFACTURER OF DUBLIN.

When a man is dispos'd to bestow a sound licking,
Nine times out of ten he commences by kicking;
Where applied shall be nameless—though what's applied *to't*,
I need hardly mention—you know 'tis a Foot;
But here is a Foot, who, though curious the case is,
Presumes to aspire to the king's subjects' *faces*;
Unmolested proceeds—nor cares who opposes,
Whilst two-thirds of the empire he leads by the *noses*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

CHRISTMAS BILL OF FARE.

THE following is the bill of fare for Christmas 1804, at James Anderson's, Bush Tavern, Bristol:—1 bustard, red game, black game, 1 turtle of 120lb. 1 land tortoise, 72 pots turtle (different prices), vermicelli soup, British turtle, giblet soup, pease soup, gravy soup, soup saure, soup and brouille, muttonbroth, barley broth, 3 turbots, 4 cods, 2 brills, 2 pipers, 12 dories, 2 haddocks, 14 rock fish, 18 carp, 12 perch, 4 salmon, 12 plaice, 17 herrings, sprats, 122 eels, salt fish, 78 roach, 98 gudgeons, 1 dried salmon.—*Venison*, 1 haunch bevior, 5 haunches doe, 5 necks, 10 breasts, 10 shoulders.—42 hares, 17 pheasants, 41 partridges, 87 wild ducks, 17 wild geese, 37 teal, 31 widgeons, 16 bald coots, 2 sea-pheasants, 3 mews, 4 moor hens, 2 water drabs, 7 curlews, 2 bitterns, 81 woodcocks, 149 snipes, 17 wild turkies, 18 golden plovers, 1 swan, 5 quists, 2 landrails, 15 galenas, 4 pea-hens, 1 peacock, 1 cuckoo, 116 pidgeons, 121 larks, 1 sea-magpye, 127 stares, 208 small birds, 44 turkies, 8 capons, 19 ducks, 10 geese, 2 owls, 61 chickens, 4 ducklins, 11 rabbits, 3 pork-griskins, 11 veal burrs, 1 roasting pig, oysters stewed and colloped, eggs, hogs puddings, raggo'd feet and ears, Scotch collops, veal-cutlets, haricoed mutton, maintenon chops, pork-chops, mutton-chops, rump-steaks, joint steaks, pinbone-steaks, sausages, Hambro' sausages, tripe, cow-heels, and knotlings, 5 house lambs.—*Veal*, 3 legs, and loins, 2 breasts, and shoulders, 2 heads.—*Beef*, 5 rumps, 3 surloins, 5 rounds, 2 pieces of 5 ribs each, 7 pinbones, Dutch and Hmbro'd beef.—*Mutton*, 8 haunches, 8 legs, 8 necks, 11 loins, six saddles, 5 chines, 5 shoulders.—*Pork*, 4 legs, 4 loins, 4 chines, sparibs, half a porker.——COLD.—1 boar's head, 1 baron of beef, 2 hams, 4 tongues, 6 chickens, hog's feet and ears, 7 collars brawn, 2 rounds beef, collared veal, collared beef, collared mutton, collared eels, collared pig's head, Dutch tongues, Bologna sausages, Paraguay pies, French pies, mutton pies, pigeon pies, venison pasty, sulks, 430 minced pies, jellies, crawfish, pickled salmon, sturgeon, potted partridges, pickled oysters, lobsters, 52 barrels of Pyfleet and Colchester oysters, Milford and Tenby oysters, 4 pine aples.

THE Chester Harriers had perhaps as hard a day on Friday the 18th inst. as the sporting annals of this country can record. A bag fox was turned out at Common Wood, in the parish of Holt, at a quarter past twelve o'clock, and in five minutes afterwards the hounds were laid on the scent, and ran him to ground at Pickhill; he was bolted, and, running near Wrighton, took along the banks of the Dee, which crossed to the Gwernhayled covers, and from thence crossed the country to the Duke's covers, near Ellesmere; crossing Penley covers he made for Whitchurch, near to which he was headed, and turned off to Bettisfield Park, in Flintshire, where he was again headed: running past the Droitwiches, he again turned; and, in consequence of night coming on, the hounds were called off by the New Mills, near Whitchurch.

Whitchurch. The whole chase is computed to be upwards of forty miles, as the crow flies, and with scarcely a check. Out of 50 horsemen who were in the field when the fox was turned off, only fifteen saw the conclusion of the chase.—The Chester gentlemen were then above twenty miles from home, but the distance did not prevent their returning the same evening.

Coursing.—At the last Malton Meeting it was made a rule, that should "the state of the weather not permit the Meeting to take place the first whole week in February, it should then take place the next week ensuing; and if the weather should not then permit, that the time should be prolonged till the second Monday in March; and that all the matches made for the February Meeting, should be liable till that time.

Sale of Thornville Royal.—Monday, Jan. 28, this well-known property of Colonel Thornton, and which once belonged to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, was sold by Mr. Farebrother, at Garraway's coffee-house. The superb mansion, pleasure-grounds, parks, &c. &c. together with the estate particularly attached to it, Thornville Royal, sold, in one lot, for L.163,800; the twenty-eight other lots sold for L.62,650 5s.: total, L.226,450 5s. The room was scarcely ever known so crowded before. We cannot state the purchaser's name with certainty; but it is generally supposed that the estate was bought for the Marquis of Stafford.

A few days since, Sir Charles Bampfylde, Bart. of the 1st Somerset regiment, rode a match against time, on his Irish poney, of 13 miles in an hour, on the Gosport road, which he lost by half a minute only.

Caution to all persons who keep horses.—The cause of the fire in Queen-street, which broke out in the stables, and destroyed four horses, appears to have been, upon the strictest inquiry, the fall of the lanthorn. It is a general practice to suspend the lanthorn by a cord, which passes over a pulley, near the centre of the stable; this cord will, in time, lose its tenacity, by the heat and smoke of the candle and steam of the horses, and is not an effectual security. The lanthorn should be fixed against the wall, and out of the way of all litter, which would, in all probability, preserve the lives of those useful animals, and prevent similar accidents in future.

On Friday, the 28th ult. James Woods, of Monewden, in Suffolk, was convicted before Thomas Methold, Clerk, in the penalty of L.5 for having used a gun for the destruction of game in a wood belonging to the Earl of Dysart. Not being able to pay the penalty, he was committed to the house of correction in this town for 3 months. At the same time Nathaniel Wade, of Monewden, farmer and carrier, was charged with receiving several hares, for which he paid 1s. 6d. each to James Woods, and to several other persons. The informer failed in proving the above offences to have been committed within 3 months, so that Wade escaped punishment. In the course of the inquiry, Nathaniel Wade allowed, that he had frepuently purchased hares, but not within three months previous to the information, which practice he was induced to pursue by the encouragement of several persons in Ipswich, who were in the habit of buying them.

In the Court of King's Bench, Westminster, Jan. 28, the King v. Maurice.—This case stood in the

the crown paper from last term, and when called on, no one appeared for the prosecution, of course the defendant's counsel prayed that it should be struck out. The court, however, desired to know the nature of the prosecution, and was informed that the affidavits filed imputed to the defendant gross misconduct as an attorney of that court. It was stated that he had been in the habit of watching the arrival of game at the Bell Savage Inn, from the country, and when an opportunity offered he proceeded against the parties for keeping game in their possession contrary to the statute. His next step, after bringing his action, was to endeavour to effect a compromise, and when the *Qui Tam* informer was asked after, he invariably said he was dead, or not to be found, which was the same thing.—The court thought it was precisely one of those cases which ought to keep its place in the paper, and directed that the attorney for the prosecution should be written to for his reasons for not following up the prosecution.

Norwich, Jan. 19.—As Major Petre was returning from Gunton to Suffield, on Tuesday night, he met a large gang of poachers, of which he informed Lord Suffield's game keepers, who went out with some of the servants, &c. in search of them. They came up with them just after one of the party had been wounded by a spring gun—when in hopes of rescuing their wounded comrade, they fired on the keepers and wounded four men. A desperate battle then followed; his Lordship's men fighting with their sticks, and the poachers with their guns. Three poachers were taken, and the rest ran away, most of whom have, however, been since apprehended. Mr. Sharpe was sent for from North Walsham, who extracted a great many shot from his Lordship's men, as well as from the poacher who was wounded by the spring gun. One poacher had also an arm broken, and the third is terribly bruised in the head. The gang came from Aylsham, who, it is feared, have been connected with others at Cawston, &c. and by whom, it is supposed, many houses and farm-yards have been robbed; and we hear that many farmers and others intend to subscribe for the benefit of those men who have so bravely exerted themselves in ridding the neighbourhood of such a nuisance.—Too much cannot be said in praise of Lord Suffield's servants, workmen, and neighbours, who, on the first intimation from the keepers of the poachers being out, with the utmost alacrity got up, and assembled at the place appointed, and though unarmed, and in face of the guns which were fired at them, made a stout resistance against the cowardly banditti.

On the 18th inst. a pitched battle was fought in a field near Henley upon Thames, between James Shelton, a pork butcher, and Neville Soundy, a porter, the battle lasted an hour and 35 minutes, during which they had 99 rounds, and never closed but once. Neither of them fell without a knock down blow. Shelton had two ribs broke the second round, notwithstanding which he fought with the greatest resolution. They were both so terribly beaten, and neither being willing to give in, the spectators parted them without declaring which was the victor; the stakes—one guinea each—were consequently withdrawn. They were both about 30 years of age, and there was no advantage in skill, very little of which was displayed on either side. Shelton was seconded by Charles Warton, a tallow chandler, and Soundy, by James Hill, a butcher.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE
TO
THE BLIND BARGAIN.

SUNG BY MR. EMERY.

Tune, O Miss Bailey.

I BEG you'll not alarm yourselves, I don't mean to distress you,
By talking of our comedy, it's not the fashion, bless you!
For th' epilogue to have to do wi' what has gone afore it;
And if you want the play again, you're welcome to encore it.
Any day, you choose to say, you're welcome to encore it.

Our authors here strange stories write, for brass, in hopes o' selling 'em,
And being quite asham'd themselves, set other folks a-telling them;
They've called me Giles, and made me talk as seem'd to them expedient,
When they know my name's John Emery, who am your most obedient.
Ladies and gentlemen, I am, &c.

They've made me tell a vast o' things I've seen i' London Town too;
And yet there's full as mony tricks in parts that I've been down to;
And being lately in the North, as well as other places,
I call'd on tailer Stitch at York, and ax'd him to th' races.
Oh! what a deal I've heard and seen, and all about, &c.

But Bill, who is a clever lad, as ony at his trade be,
Says he, "I can't go now, you see, I'se working for a lady."
"Why, aye! you've trimm'd her jacket well; but tho' they all are dressy belles,
What the deuce can lady's want wi' leather inexpressibles?
What the deuce can ladies, &c.

To Brummajum I went and saw, believe it if you can, Sirs,
No counterfeit, a little boy, who acted like a man, Sirs;
Don't take my word, for here you soon may see his clever phiz, Sirs,
Then let each one that's not a judge bring one wi' him that is, Sirs.
Oh! what a very clever, pretty little rogue he is, Sirs.

I've been to Dover, where I thought wi' Frenchmen to ha' spoke, Sirs,
But heard their guns begin wi' noise, and only end i' smoke, Sirs;
They seem to hold us vastly cheap, but let 'em come and try us, Sirs,
They'll find but a Blind Bargain, if they cheaply think to buy us, Sirs.
They'll find but, &c.

But yet no matter where I've been, you'll always find it true, Sirs,
That none of us are sorry to come back again to you, Sirs;
Your faces we're right glad to see, and proud when we can cheer 'em,
And for your hands I'll no' but hint, we're quite as glad to hear 'em.
Oh! we're very glad to see, and quite as glad to hear 'em.

THE

THE FOX HUNT.

LET those who, like Somnus, exist but to sleep,
On their pillows with indolence lie,
Whilst we, sons of morn, soon as Sol 'gins to peep,
O'er the echoing hills swiftly fly:
Sly Renard before us in terror speeds on,
Through the valleys he quickens his pace,
And starts as the huntsman he hears sound his horn,
Or the pack in full cry join the chase.

Hark forward! we cry, which sweet echo repeats,
As we scour o'er the verdure-clad plain;
Each nerve now we strain as Sir Renard retreats,
Who doubles and crosses again:
Tally ho! still we sing, and pursue his career;
But his strength now to cunning gives place,
He skulks to some garden, or hovel, in fear,
And thus gives a check to the chase.

But here soon discover'd, our dogs end his life,
Whilst his brush home in triumph is borne;
Where we spend what is left of the day without strife,
And recount the lov'd sports of the morn:
Then to crown ev'ry bliss, Bacchus gives us his vine,
With its juice we fill bumpers apace,
And drink with delight to each woman divine,
And "the next coming" joys of the chase.

Jan. 3, 1805. J. M. L.

WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?

"WHAT shall I write about?" full oft I cry.
"Oh! any thing," says fancy, in a minute.
"But *any thing* is *nothing*," I reply;
"Pray *something* name, or I dare not begin it."

Then I look wise, like Dame Minerva's owl,
Whilst Fancy, hoping still to save my bacon,
Tells me to try, nor thus to sit and growl,
And kindly hints the subjects to be taken.

"Try gentle love, to poets ever dear,
Coin some fine name, as Tinatuistilinda;
Swear some fine oath, and rave on ghastly fear,
Then softly say your heart is turn'd to tinder.
Or sing of war, and sound the trump of [Fame;
Describe the soldier rushing on to battle;
Ten times ten thousand kill, you'll gain a name,
Drums, trumpets, volleys, carnage, cannon's rattle.

"Or let thy pen proclaim the joys of peace,
Call her shy stranger, in thy soften'd ditty;
Say that her presence would our cash increase,
And raise the stocks, but sink the sigh of pity.
"To Bacchus, should not peace appear [to please,
Pour the Anacreontic loud and sprightly;
Protest that wine alone can give you ease,
And that you drown your care—and senses—nightly.
"Let hunting, shooting, fishing, fill your [song,
And swear there's nought on earth can equal sporting,
That you to love have been a dupe too long,
And never more intend to go a courting.
"Turn Roscius with your pen, in spite [of rules,
And write a play about "The Land we live in;"
Should it be damn'd, then print, and shame the fools,
And swear that to such critics you'll not give in.
Enough, good Fancy, prithee now have [done,
You talk as though my muse could boast of thunder;
Me write a play! oh, fie! you talk in fun,
But should I ever try, 'twould be "The Wonder."

And

And, among all the pretty things you've
nam'd,
Not one I fear would e'er produce a
dinner:
Your *love* and *war* for filling are not fam'd;
Beef better suits a hungry rhyming
sinner.
Jan. 14, 1805. J. M. L.

TO NOSINA.

THY nose is a beautiful red,
It vies with the rose's bright bloom,
Refulgent it lights thee to bed,
And shines through thy chamber's drear
gloom.

With thee 'tis perpetual day,
No night near thy nose can obtrude;
Its beams chase night's shadows away,
From the house where thy forefathers
stood.

Thy ways would be terrible dark,
Did thy nose fail to light thee along;
I've stole from its splendour *one* spark,
To cheer the dull notes of my song.
Kingsland. J. M.

TRANSLATION
OF
DR. JOHNSON's GREEK EPITAPH UPON GOLDSMITH.

Τον τάφον εἰσοράεις Ολιβαριοιο' κονιαν
"Αφρόσι μὴ σεμνην, Ξεινε ποδεσσι
πατει;—
Οἷσι μέμηλε φύσις, μέτρον χάρις, ἔργα
παλαιων,
Κλαίετε Ποιητην, Ἱςορικὸν, Φυσικὸν—

STAY, traveller, nor pass regardless
by,
Where Oliver's lamented reliques lie;—
You, who the deeds of early times ex-
plore,
"Eye nature's walks," sweet poesy
adore;
Here, from life's various occupations
torn,
Th' historian, nat'ralist, and poet, mourn.
TROILUS.

THE ROACH.

The pitiful Petition and ludicrous Lamentation of an unfortunate Roach, who was hooked by an Angler, and, in the Struggle to get loose, lost one of his precious eyes.

OH! hear a one-eyed Roach's pray'r!
Ye tender-hearted fishes;
My tale will fill your hearts with care,
Oh! grant my modest wishes!

For as I gaily skimm'd the stream,
A worm appear'd before me,
Of fateful hooks I did not dream,
But one conceal'd soon tore me.

I struggled hard, and got away,
But left one eye behind me;
And now must ever rue the day
And hook, that did half blind me.

By painful anguish close confined,
Unable now to ramble,
I starve, unless some feeling mind
Attends to my preamble.

In tender mercy bring to me,
Some maggots, or some paste, Sirs,
For I'm quite hungry you may see;
So prithee make good haste, Sirs.

And should returning health again,
But wait upon my wishes;
I'll do as much when you're in pain,
Ye tender-hearted fishes!

Though much I fear, to health restor'd,
The finny folks will joke me,
A *cock-eyed Roach* will be the word,
And that will much provoke me.

But most I dread the female fish,
Who'll quiz me as I go by;
And, leering, they will cry out, "pish!
"He's like old Uncle Toby."

And should Roachina of the Lake,
Where weeds bespeak her dwelling,
Her one-eyed lover now forsake,
My grief will be past telling.

But when convinc'd that she's untrue,
I'll leave my native river;
And never cease my fate to rue,
Till death shall say, forgive her.
PISCATOR.

THE DEVIL's THOUGHTS.

FROM his old brimstone bed, at the
break of the day,
A-walking the Devil was gone,
To visit his snug little farm upon earth,
And to see how the stock it went
on:—

He flew over hill, over mountain and
dale,
Over river, lake, forest, and plain,
And, backwards and forwards he switch'd
his long tail,
As a box-lobby lounger his cane.

You'll ask me, perhaps, how the Devil
was dress'd?
Why, faith, in his holiday best—
His coat was well stuff't, and his panta-
loons blue,
With a hole for his tail to peep thro'.

A lawyer he spied, who was killing a
viper
On a dung-heap piled up near his
stable;
And the Devil was pleas'd, for it put
him in mind
Of Cain and the murder of Abel.

A doctor of physic, upon a white horse,
Rode by, on his trade and vocation;
And the Devil he thought of his excel-
lent friend,
Death, described in the Saint Reve-
lation.

A cottage he saw with a double coach-
house,
Full of ton, full of taste and gentility;
Oh, the Devil he grinn'd, for his favourite
vice
Is the pride that affects an humility.

He next popp'd his horns in a bookseller's
shop,
Quoth he, "we are both of one col-
lege;
For I myself once, in a cormorant's
shape,
Got perch'd on the branches of know-
ledge,"

On Governor Aris he called, and inquired
How he managed a solitude cell—
The Devil he smiled, as it gave him a hint
For improving confinement in hell.

Down a river was gliding, with wind and
with tide,
A pig with delightful celerity;
And the Devil was pleas'd, for he saw all
the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought
with a smile
Of England's commercial prosperity.
[face
At last General ********'s carbuncl'd
He met in Pall Mall, and with much
consternation
His way back to hell decided to take,
For the Devil conceiv'd by a natural
mistake
It was General *Conflagration*.

NEW PARODY ON SHAKE-SPEARE.

I DO remember a lottery-office keeper:
His glaring capitals at yonder window
Were day and night exhibited
In selling tickets: he insures success;
For many a rich-drawn prize hath noted
him;
And o'er his door a grand transparency
Of Fortune on her golden wheel is hung,
And Plenty's copious horn, and like de-
vice
Of courage-raising Hope: within are seen
Jews, brokers, bankrupts, gamesters,
country squires,
Clerks, servant-girls, old musty batche-
lors,
School-boys, players, stage-coachmen,
and prentice lads:
An eager motley crowd:—then to my-
self I said,
An a man lack'd a thousand pounds, or
must to goal,
At this said lucky place he'd buy a
chance—
Oh! this same thought doth but forerun
his ruin.

Jan. 2, 1805. J. J. B.